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SPACE CONQUERORS!

UP TO SEARCH FOR EVIDENCES OF AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION ON ONE OF THE LARGER ASTEROIDS, THE SPACESHIP FROM EARTH BLASTS A PERILOUS WAY INTO THE ASTEROID BELT.

KEEP ON YOUR TOES, MEN... ONE HIT BY WE'RE IN A MIGHTY CROWDED SECTION OF SPACE IN THIS ASTEROID BELT. EVEN A SMALL ROCK WOULD BE OUR FINISH.



THERE'S CARE! IT'S THE LARGEST OF THE ASTEROIDS YET ONLY ABOUT 480 MILES IN DIAMETER. WELL, START OUR SEARCH THERE!

ALL HANDS STAND BY FOR LANDING, BREAK OUT SPACE SUITS AND HELMETS.



SEARCHING FOR A LOST CIVILIZATION ON THIS FLEETING ROCK IS GOING TO BE A JOB, DOC. DURING THE CENTURIES ANY RUINS HAVE PROBABLY BEEN DEEPLY BURIED BY DEBRIS.

THERE **MUST** BE A CLUE, RED. SOME PLACE. REMEMBER, THOSE WARRIORS ON THAT ASTEROID?



DOC! COME HERE. I THINK I SEE LIGHTS WAY DOWN IN THIS CRACK!

BY GEORGE! THOSE ARE LIGHTS DOWN THERE! BUT WHAT CAN THEY BE?

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OXYGEN HERE TO CAUSE COMBUSTION AS WE KNOW IT!



DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE STRANGE LIGHTS, DOC AND RED BEGIN THE DESCENT INTO THE DEEP CHASM ON CABLES RIGGED BY THE SPACESHIP'S CREW.

DOC! THIS CHASM IS REALLY DEEP! HOW FAR DOWN ARE WE NOW?

I'D SAY WE'RE NEARLY 15,000 FEET DOWN. THAT'S ALMOST 3 MILES! AND WE'RE STILL ONLY ABOUT HALF WAY TO THE BOTTOM!

GOOD THING THERE'S VERY LITTLE GRAVITY ON THIS SMALL ASTEROID!

EVEN SO, IF THAT CABLE SHOULD BREAK...HEY! I CAN SEE A REFLECTION OF LIGHT JUST BELOW!

THERE, RED! SEE IT? JUST AROUND THAT SPUR OF ROCK! GET YOUR RADIATION DEFLECTOR UP HIGH. WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES ON WHAT THAT GLOW MIGHT BE!

IN WAY AHEAD OF YOU, DOC! NEVER BEEN ON GROUND SINCE WE STARTED DOWN! I DON'T WANT TO BECOME RADIO ACTIVE!

THREE BRILLIANT GLOBS OF LIGHT JUST FLOATING IN SPACE! DOC! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

FANTASTIC, RED, BUT NOT IMPROBABLE. THIS CHASM IS ACTUALLY A VACUUM. THERE'S NO AIR PRESSURE. THE GRAVITY IS SO LIGHT THAT EQUAL ATTRACTION IS PROBABLY EXERTED FROM ALL DIRECTIONS ON EACH GLOBE AND ON EACH OTHER, NOTING THAT THEY FORM AN EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE, TOO!

RED! I'M RIGHT! WE'RE WALKING ON WHAT WAS ONCE PAVEMENT! THERE WAS A CIVILIZATION HERE!

AND, DOC, LOOK! THERE'S A DOORWAY OVER THERE. COME ON. LET'S LOOK AT WHAT'S INSIDE!



WE MUST HAVE
WALKED AT
LEAST A HALF
MILE ALONG
THIS TUNNEL!

WE'VE ALMOST
REACHED THE END—
THERE'S ANOTHER
DOORWAY.
BIGGER. THAT
—WE'LL FIND
THROUGH
THAT ONE?



LEAVING LEOPARDS!
DOC! LOOK AT THOSE
MACHINES! THIS PLACE
HAS REALLY BEEN
DOOMED!



DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE
WHAT THEY ARE, REID?
SPACESHIPS! A WHOLE
FLEET OF 'EM!
DESTROYED IN THEIR
UNDERGROUND HANGAR!

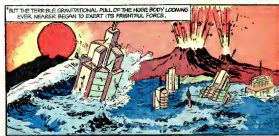
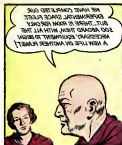
SOME LIKE
SITTING DUCKS!
BUT WHY, DOC?
LOOK UP THERE!
—THOSE GLOBES
OF LIGHT AGAIN!



THEY'RE FLOATING
RIGHT OVER THE SPACE-
SHIPS. THEY MUST
HAVE MOVED WHILE WE
WERE IN THAT
TUNNEL!

NO, I DON'T THINK SO,
REID. HAD HE CONTINUED
ALONG THE WAY HE COULD
HAVE COME THROUGH
THAT TUNNEL. HE'D HAVE
COME ON THIS ARROUND
THAT END.





GIANTIC TIDAL WAVES FLOODED THEIR SEA
COASTS, MOUNTAINS BURST INTO FIERY
VOLCANOS... GREAT CRACKS SPLIT THE
VALLEYS. AND AS QUAKES SPREAD OF THE
PLAN TO EVACUATE 500 CHOSEN PEOPLE,
A GREAT HOARD OF MADDERED SURVIVORS
SWIFT DOWN UPON THE NEARLY LOADED
SPACE FLEET."



OF COURSE NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW
WHAT REALLY CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION
OF THIS MYSTERIOUS
PLANET, RED.

MAYBE A CLOSER
LOOK AT THESE RUINS
WILL GIVE US A CLUE.
YOUR THEORY
SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE,
DOC. TELL ME
MORE!



"FROM THE NUMBER OF RUINED SPACE SHIPS
HERE, I'D GUESS THAT JUST AS THE CROWD OF
DOOMED PEOPLE STORMED THE FLEET OF LOADED
SHIPS, NOW READY TO TAKE OFF, . . .



"...THE DOOMED PLANET AND THE
WANDERER FROM OUTER SPACE
COLLIDED!"



AND NOW ALL THAT IS
LEFT OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE
ONCE BEEN A GREAT CIVILIZATION
ARE THOSE BROKEN AND TWIST-
ED BITS OF METAL THAT WE
THINK WERE SPACE SHIPS!

WHEN YOU
MADE IT SOUND
SO REAL, DOC,
I COULD
ALMOST SEE
IT HAPPEN!



LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET
INSIDE.

WE BETTER BE
GETTING BACK TO
THE SURFACE
SOON!







DOC! DON'T TELL ME THAT MACHINE CAN STILL WORK AFTER BEING WRECKED COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

ALL I KNOW, RED, IS WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST!



LUCKY THAT WALL IS BETWEEN US AND THE CHACAL. THOSE TERRIBLE FORCES WILL TEAR THIS ROCK APART!

THESE SPACE SUITS WEREN'T MADE FOR QUICK GETAWAYS!



IN THE CABIN OF THE SHIP ON THE SURFACE...

DOC AND RED ARE IN DANGER! EMERGENCY ALERT!!

SIGNAL ALL EXPLORATION PARTIES TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY. ORDER THE HONEY READY FOR A QUICK ASCENT!



SOMETHING BIG IS GOING ON DOWN THERE! I CAN FEEL THE SURFACE SHAKING!

DOC'S EMERGENCY CALL BUTTON IS ON STRAIGHT, BUT I CAN'T GET 'EM ON VOICE!



AND FAR DOWN BELOW...

HERE'S THE CABLE. WE'LL BOTH HOOK ON TO IT. HOPE THE CREW IS STANDING BY TO MAN IT!



LOOK BEHIND YOU, DOC!
WE JUST CAME THROUGH
THAT OPENING!

MAN, OH, MAN! THE WHOLE
CREVICE IS CRACKING!



WHAT HAPPENED? THE ASTEROID
IS TREMBLING LIKE A BOWL OF JELLY!

THERE'S NOT
A MINUTE TO
LOSE. GET
EVERYONE
ON BOARD.
QUICK!

WHEN!
WE MADE IT.
TELL YOU ABOUT
IT LATER!

SECURE THE
HORSE. STAND
BY TO
BLAST
OFF!

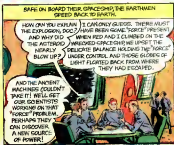


SPEED IT UP, MEN! DIVISION LEADING,
CHECK YOUR CREWS.

60 SECONDS
TO ZERO!



YEOW! WE
GOT AWAY
JUST IN TIME!



SAFE ON BOARD THEIR SPACE-SHIP, THE EARTH-MEN
SPEED BACK TO EARTH.

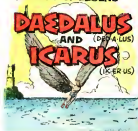
HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN
THE EXPLOSION, DOC?
AND WHY DID
THE ASTEROID
NEARLY
BLOW UP?

I CAN ONLY GUESS. THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN SOME "FORCE" PRESENT
WHEN RED AND I CLIMBED ON THE
WRECKED SPACE-SHIP; WE UPSAT THE
DELICATE BALANCE HOLDING THE "FORCE"
UNDER CONTROL AND THOSE GLOBES OF
LIGHT FLIGHT BACK FROM WHERE
THEY HAD ESCAPED.

AND THE ANCIENT
MACHINES COULDN'T
TAKE IT! WE'LL GET
OUR SCIENTISTS
WORKING ON THAT
"FORCE" PROBLEM.
PERHAPS THEY
CAN DISCOVER
A NEW SOURCE
OF POWER!

HEROES OF LEGEND

DAEDALUS AND ICARUS (DE-A-LUS) (IK-ER-US)



DAEDALUS WAS A SKILLED ARCHITECT IN ANCIENT GREECE. HE BUILT THE FAMOUS LABYRINTH FOR KING MINOS WHERE THE HALF MAN, HALF BEAST, MINOTAUR, ROAMED. BUT THE KING BECAME ANGRY WITH HIM.



IN HIS LONELY TOWER CELL DAEDALUS PONDERED:

KING MINOS MAY CONTROL THE LAND AND SEA, BUT HE DOES NOT CONTROL THE AIR! ONLY WITH THE WINGS OF A BIRD CAN I ESCAPE FROM THIS ISLAND.



I HAVE PLANNED THE TOWER GUARDS, HOW TO FIND MY SON, ICARUS, AND CONVINCE A WAY TO MAKE WINGS FOR US BOTH!



HIDING FROM THE KING'S SOLDIERS BY DAY, DAEDALUS AND ICARUS COLLECTED BIRDS' FEATHERS AT NIGHT, WITH STRIPS AND WAX THEY FASHIONED WINGS.

WILL WE BE ABLE TO FLY WITH THESE WINGS, FATHER?

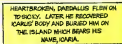
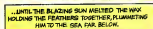
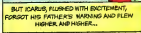
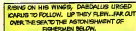
AH, MY SON, IT IS OUR ONLY HOPE FOR FREEDOM.



SEE, ICARUS. THE WINGS HOLD ME ALOFT!

COME DOWN, FATHER! COME DOWN! I AM AFRAID!





PEE WEE Harris

By PERCY K. FITZBUGH







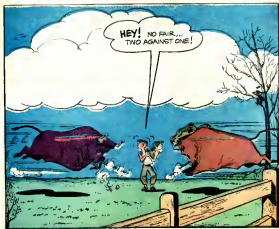
IN AN ADJOINING FIELD ANOTHER AFICIONADO* HEARS THE CALL TO ARMS...

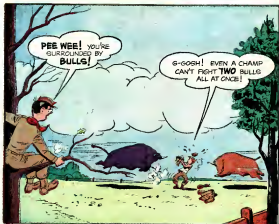


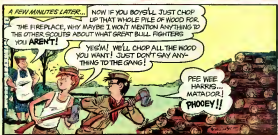
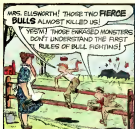
* AFICIONADO: ANTIQUE, ARDENT FOLLOWER OF SPORT, SUCH AS BULLFIGHTING.

...AND TAKES APPROPRIATE ACTION!!









Stories from the Bible...

The Sower

and other Parables

JESUS OFTEN USED SIMPLE STORIES CALLED PARABLES TO ORGANIZE THE MESSAGE HE WAS BRINGING TO THE PEOPLE. HE WANTED TO HELP HIS LISTENERS KNOW AND DO WHAT IS RIGHT.



A FARMER WENT INTO HIS FIELD TO SOW SEED.



AS HE SCATTERED THE SEED SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE AND BIRDS CAME AND ATE IT.



SOME FELL ON STONY GROUND WHERE IT DID NOT HAVE ENOUGH SOIL TO TAKE ROOT, AND IT WITHERED AWAY AS SOON AS IT STARTED TO GROW.



AND SOME FELL AMONG WEEDS WHICH SOON CHOKED IT.



BUT THE SEED WHICH FELL ON GOOD GROUND SPRAWS UP AND OPENED INTO A FIELD OF MATURING, GOLDEN WHEAT.

JESUS' STORIES WERE SIMPLE ONES WHICH CAUGHT THE PEOPLE'S INTEREST. EACH STORY OR PARABLE POINTED UP A LESSON IN RIGHTEOUS LIVING.



ANOTHER PARABLE WAS THE STORY OF THE PRECIOUS PEARL.



HE TOLD HIS LISTENERS THAT THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WAS LIKE A MERCHANT WHO WAS SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS...



WHO WHEN HE HAD FOUND ONE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE, SOLD ALL THAT HE HAD AND BOUGHT IT. FOR HE KNEW THE GREAT VALUE OF THE PEARL.

STILL ANOTHER PARABLE WAS THE STORY OF THE TWO FOUNDATIONS.



HE LIKENED THOSE WHO HEARD HIS SAYINGS AND TOOK THEM TO HEART TO A WISE MAN WHO BUILT HIS HOUSE ON A ROCK FOUNDATION.

AND THE WINDS BLEW, THE RAIN POURED DOWN AND THE FLOODS CAME BUT THAT HOUSE STOOD, IT DID NOT FALL BECAUSE IT WAS FOUNDED UPON A ROCK.



BUT THE FOOLISH MAN, WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT THINGS TO DO, YET DOES NOT DO THEM, HE IS LIKENED TO A HOUSE BUILT UPON SAND WHICH IS EASILY BLOWN DOWN AND DESTROYED.



WHEN JESUS' DISCIPLES ASKED HIM TO EXPLAIN SOME OF HIS PARABLES, HE ANSWERED THEM: "HE THAT HATH EARS LET HIM HEAR."

A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTS IN ACTION

WITH THE FIRST THAW
OF SPRING, SCOUT ROBERT
MYANT AND HIS SCHOOL
CHUNG PRACTICE BASEBALL
IN THE SCHOOLYARD.



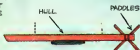
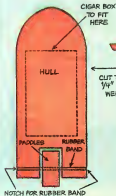


HOW TO MAKE IT

A CIGAR BOX MISSISSIPPI RIVER SHOW BOAT



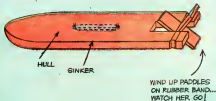
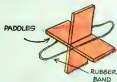
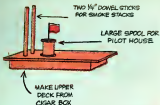
MAKE IT ANY SIZE YOU PLEASE.
THE BRIGHTER YOU PAINT IT, THE
FANCIER IT WILL LOOK!



CUT THE HULL FROM A PIECE OF
1/4" WOOD...ATTACH SMALL LEAD
WEIGHT (SINKER) FOR KEEL



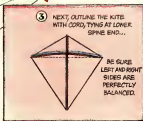
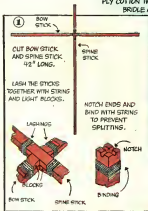
CUT PADDLES FROM CIGAR
BOX...BOXTAIL TO FIT



HOW TO MAKE IT

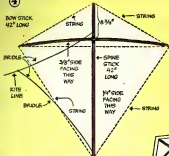
THE EDDY BOW KITE

IS A TWO-STICK KITE WHICH FLIES WELL IN EVEN A LIGHT WIND AND NEEDS NO TAIL. IT WAS INVENTED BY WILLIAM ABNER EDDY WHO TOOK HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR BY MEANS OF CAMERAS FASTENED TO KITES. YOU WILL NEED TWO STICKS EACH $1/4" \times 3/8"$ AND 42" LONG...STRING...LIGHT WRAPPING OR TISSUE PAPER...GLUE...AND OF COURSE, A LARGE BALL OF 6 OR 7 PLY COTTON TWINE OR SEMICORD FOR THE BRIDLE AND KITE LINE.



4

BOW STICK
42" LONG



COVER THE KITE
WITH TISSUE OR
LIGHT WRAPPING
PAPER...

COVERING SHOULD BE
LOOSE AND BAGGY.



FOLD EDGES
OF PAPER
LOOSELY OVER
FRAME STRING
AND GLUE...

... TO MAIN
PAPER COVER.



1\" OVERDO

5

ATTACH BRIDLE TO BOTTOM OF SPINE STICK AND
7\" FROM TOP. TIE KITE LINE TO BRIDLE SLIGHTLY
ABOVE CORNER OF KITE. SHIFT THIS POINT UP OR
DOWN TO ADJUST FLYING ANGLE OF KITE.



MOVE BRIDLE KNOT DOWN IF KITE RIDES
TOO HIGH AND TENDS TO FLOP AND DR...
MOVE UP IF KITE DOES NOT RISE TO AN
ANGLE OF AT LEAST 60 DEGREES.

YOU'RE INVITED
WANT TO BE A SCOUT?
SEND THIS COUPON TO
BOYS' LIFE
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J.

PLEASE TELL ME HOW I CAN GET
IN ON ALL THIS ADVENTURE AND FUN.

NAME _____

AGE _____

STREET & NO. _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____



A ship banged into the stern of another vessel but did no real harm. Then, maneuvering away, it rammed the same ship again. Thinking that now he had done real damage to the other ship, the captain signalled: "Can you stay afloat?"

"Yes," flashed the other skipper. "Would you like to try again?" — *Bruton Dawkins, Alexandria, La.*

Mother garbler asks: I have such a hard time keeping my babies occupied.

Mother rattlesnake: Why that's no chore at all for me. I just shake my rattle. — *Dennis Anderson, St. Amarg, Iowa*



Archeologist: "In the West, excavators found the remains of a man with one foot in his mouth."

Sociologist: "Amusing. An ancient politician, no doubt." — *William Shenko, Mt. Carmel, Pa.*



During maneuvers an army commander ordered this notice to be displayed on a bridge: "This bridge has been destroyed by an air attack."

But to his dismay he saw that a foot regiment was calmly crossing the bridge despite his notice. He sent a messenger to see why they dared defy his orders. Ten minutes later the messenger came back.

"It's all right, sir," he reported. "The troops are carrying a notice saying, 'We are swimming.'"
—*Roland Peake, Rockford, Ill.*



Dedynstoon, Laplander—a clumsy man on a crowded bus.—*Donna Turnbaugh, Baltimore, Md.*

Johnny was always saying "have went" so the teacher told him he had to stay in after school and write "I have gone" a hundred times. Before he finished, she left the room. When she came back, she found a note saying: "Dear Miss Smith: I have written 'I have gone' a hundred times—and have went home."
—*Clinton Bratton, Memphis, Tenn.*

Ed: "Why are hurricanes named after girls?"

Ella: "Did you ever hear of a hurricane?"
—*Larry Pollock, Yardley, Pa.*



"FOR PETTY SAKES! THAT THING-JAM AGAIN!"

Dedynstoon: Backseat driver—The only motorist who never seems to run out of gas.—*Alan Finkelstein, W. Newton, Mass.*

An eastern farmer moved to California and heard that his neighbor grew unusually large potatoes. He sent his hired man over to buy a hundred pounds.

"Go right back and tell your boss that I won't cut a potato for any man," snapped the Californian.—*Bobby Neesley, Olmstead, Ill.*



MILLICENT



OLD TIMER TALES

OF KIT CARSON

NEAR KIT CARSON'S HOME IN RAYADO, ON THE PHILMONT RANCH, TWO WEALTHY TRADERS ARE RECRUITING GUARDS TO GET THEM THROUGH INDIAN TERRITORY.



MR. FOX, WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO GET A CREW OF FEARLESS MEN!

OUR WAGONS CARRY A FORTUNE! WE'LL PAY WELL TO GET THEM TO CALIFORNIA.

I KNOW THE BEST INDIAN FIGHTERS IN THE WEST! LEAVE IT TO ME!

BUT THE TRADERS HAVE INNOCENTLY ENTRUSTED THEIR SAFETY TO A BLACKGUARD!

THIS MONEY IS JUST CHICKEN FEED, BOYS! WHEN WE GET FAR ENOUGH OUT WE'LL SHOOT THOSE DUDES AND SPLIT THE PLUNDER!

HO! HO! AND THE INDIANS WILL GET THE BLAME!



THREE DAYS LATER, ONE OF FOX'S MEN RETURNS TO RAYADO AND FEARFULLY CONFESSES TO THE ARMY COMMANDER.

I DON'T WANT A HAND IN NO MURDERS, MAJOR! KILLING'S NOT MY LINE! YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT, WON'T YOU, MAJOR!

CONFINE THIS MAN, SERGEANT, AND SEND FOR KIT CARSON, AT ONCE!



YOUR MISSION IS TO PREVENT MURDER, CARSON! IF YOU'RE TOO LATE, I WANT FOX... DEAD OR ALIVE!

GIVE ME TEN MEN, MAJOR! I KNOW THIS COUNTRY! MAYBE I CAN HEAD THEM OFF IN TIME!



PUSHING HIS MEN RELENTLESSLY DAY AND NIGHT, KIT RIDES DIRECTLY ACROSS THE UNCHARTED PRAIRIES.

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, FOX WON'T KILL THEM BEFORE HE HITS GILA CANYON.

WE'LL INTERCEPT THEIR TRAIL IN AN HOUR! WE SAID THREE DAYS CUTTIN' ACROSS THE PRAIRIES THIS WAY!



PLANTING HIS SOLDIERS IN A RING AROUND THE CAMP KIT PREPARES TO STEP OUT AND CONFRONT FOX!

WE GOT HERE IN TIME! THE TRADERS ARE STILL ALIVE!

STAY HIDDEN UNTIL I SIGNAL! I WANT FOX TO EXPOSE HIMSELF!



KIT WALKS INTO CAMP AND TELLS THE TRADERS OF THEIR DANGER.

ALWAYS CONSULT THE ARMY BEFORE HIRING GUIDES IN THIS COUNTRY! GIL, FOX AND HIS MEN PLANNED TO MURDER YOU!

YOU POOR FOOL! WE WILL ANYWAY! SHOOT 'EM DOWN, BOYS!



DROP THOSE GUNS OR MY SOLDIERS WILL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE DOGS!

SOLDIERS! WE'RE SURROUNDED!



FOX CONVICTED HIMSELF BY HIS ACTIONS, MR. GARGON. WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES!

I'LL GET YOU THROUGH INDIAN COUNTRY. MY SOLDIERS WILL TAKE FOX AND HIS CUT-THROATS BACK TO THE FORT!



OLD TIMER TALES OF KIT CARSON

LOOK, JEB, THE
CHEYENNE ARE
ON THE MOVE!
THAT VILLAGE
WASN'T THERE
BEFORE.



ESCORTING A WAGON TRAIN THROUGH CHEYENNE
TERRITORY, KIT CARSON SIGHTS AN INDIAN
VILLAGE.

KIT RODE FORWARD TO
LEARN THE TEMPER
OF THE CHEYENNE.

AIN'T THAT WAR
PAINT, KIT? THEY'RE
MAD ABOUT SOMETHING!

BETTER KEEP
YOUR GUN
HANDY, JEB!
HOW!



WHAT WHITE MEN
WANT IN CHEYENNE
COUNTRY?

TO PASS IN
PEACE. WILL RED
BROTHERS TALK
WITH US IN
COUNCIL
RINGS?



I'LL KEEP THEM TALKING
FOR A SPELL, JEB! YOU GET
STARTED LIKE I TOLD YOU!

RIGHT, KIT!
BUT KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN FOR
TROUBLE!!



AS THE COUNCIL BEGAN,
CHIEFTAIN AFTER CHIEFTAIN
ROSE TO HURL THE
TRIED... IN THE SIOUX
TONGUE...

WHAT'S HE
SAYIN'?

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT!
THEY'RE TALKING IN
SIOUX...NOT
CHEYENNE! SOMETHING
QUEER'S GOING ON!



BUT KIT UNDERSTOOD SIOUX.
THE CHEYENNE WERE PREPARING
TO ATTACK AS SOON AS
WEAPONS WERE LAID DOWN FOR
THE PEACE PIPE.

I THOUGHT SO... THEY'RE FIXING
TO KILL US BECAUSE SOME
RENEGADE WHITES STOLE THEIR
HORSES. I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS!!



SPEAKING IN THE SIOUX TONGUE, KIT
SHAWED AND THREATENED THE CHEYENNE.

THINK YOU OUR MURDER WOULD
NOT BE AVENGED? ALREADY A
MESSENGER RICKS TO BRING THE
ARMY IF HARM BEFALLS US..?

HE SPEAKS WITH FORKED TONGUE!
HE SENT NO MESSENGER!

WAIT! LET US
SEE THE TRACKS OF
THIS MESSENGER!
PERHAPS WE CAN
STOP HIM!



THERE ARE THE TRACKS OF OUR
FASTEST HORSES! GEE FOR YOURSELF!

THEY ARE OVER AN
HOUR OLD! WE
CANNOT OVERTAKE
THE MESSENGER!!



LUCKY YOU SENT JES
AHEAD, KIT. OUR SCALPS
WOULD BE HANGING
IN THEIR TEPPEES
BY NOW!!

WHITE MEN
STOLE THEIR
HORSES AND
THEY WAITED TO
EVEN THE SCORE.
THOSE RENEGADES
ALMOST COST US
OUR LIVES!



OLD TIMER TALES OF KIT CARSON



HOLD UP, JOEL, PONY
TRACKS... TWENTY, THIRTY
HORSES PASSED HERE

HAVING GUIDED JOHN C. FREMONT
AND HIS TROOPS TO CALIFORNIA,
KIT AND A COMPANION WERE
RETURNING TO FORT BENF.

NO OTHER MARKS, ONLY
PONES... TRAVELING LIGHT
AND FAST, NOT OVER TWO
HOURS AGO.



HMM, NO WOMEN,
CHILDREN OR BAGGAGE
...A WAR PARTY,
EH, KIT?

RIGHT! AND THERE'S A
TRAPPIN' PARTY UP AROUND
SQUAW CREEK. WE BETTER
CUT OVER THE MESA
AND WARN 'EM!



IF WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE
ALREADY.



GUIDED BY KIT'S UNCANNY SENSE OF DIRECTION,
THEY CUT ACROSS THE ROCKY WILDERNESS AND...

HALLO, SHOSHONE
WAR PARTY'S
COMING!

WE TOOK
A SHORT
CUT TO
WARN YOU!

SHOSHONES!
WHAT?
WHERE?
WE'D BETTER
WAGGLES
QUICK!



TOO LATE! THEY'D AMBUSH
YOU. LET THE FIRE BURN,
ROLL YOUR BLANKETS TO
LOOK LIKE SLEEPING
MEN.



Stories from the Bible...

THE TOWER OF BABEL

By Craig Flood



AFTER THE FLOOD WATERS HAD SUBSIDED,
THE SONG OF NOAH JOURNEYED TO THE LAND
OF SHINAR.



HERE THEY MIXED MORTAR, MADE BRICKS
AND BUILT HOMES FOR THEMSELVES; FOR
HERE ON THE PLAINS THEY WOULD SETTLE.

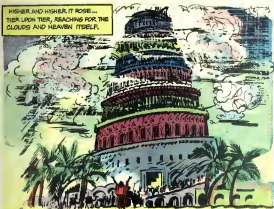


THEN THEY SAID, ONE TO ANOTHER, "LET US
RAISE A TOWER, WHOSE TOP MAY REACH UP TO
HEAVEN AND MAKE A NAME FOR OURSELVES
LEST WE BE SCATTERED OVER THE FACE OF
THE WHOLE EARTH."



AND SO THEY BEGAN BUILDING THE GREAT TOWER.

HIGHER AND HIGHER, IT ROSE...
TIER UPON TIER, REACHING FOR THE
CLOUDS AND HEAVEN ITSELF.



THEN THE LORD LOOKED DOWN UPON THE TOWER,
WHICH THE CHILDREN OF MEN WERE BUILDING,
AND HE SAID, "BEHOLD, THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH
ARE ONE PEOPLE AND HAVE ONE LANGUAGE, AND THIS
IS JUST THE BEGINNING. SOON, NOTHING WILL BE TOO
MUCH FOR THEM TO ATTEMPT.
LET US GO DOWN AND CONFUSE THEIR LANGUAGE SO
THAT THEY MAY NOT UNDERSTAND ONE
ANOTHER'S SPEECH."



BECAUSE THEY COULD NOT
UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER'S
SPEECH THEY CALLED THE
PLACE BABEL AND STOPPED
BUILDING TO PREVENT MAN'S
EVIL FROM SPREADING. GOD
DIVIDED MANKIND INTO
NATIONS, SPEAKING THESE
DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.
EACH NATION WOULD
RESTRAIN THE OTHER'S
WICKEDNESS, AND THUS
THE GROWTH OF EVIL IN THE
WORLD WOULD BE CHECKED.

A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTS IN ACTION

by ALLEN

EARLY IN THE EVENING OF APRIL 23, 1953 SECOND CLASS SCOUT JOHN FRANCIS SARKIS, AGE 15, OF TROOP 5, SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN, SPONSORED BY THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS, WAS PLAYING BALL. SUDDENLY...

ACROSS THE STREET, A CAR CRASHED INTO A HORSEDRUM WAGON DRIVEN BY MR. WILLIAM STOREY, THROWING HIM TO THE GROUND. THE FRIGHTENED HORSES BOLTED, DRAGGING MR. STOREY, WHOSE FOOT WAS CAUGHT IN THE TUG CHAIN.



SCOUT SARKIS HEARD MR. STOREY'S SCREAMING, JUMPED ON HIS BICYCLE AND PEDALLED TO HIS AID.



UNAFRAID OF THE
FLYING HORSE,
SCOUT SARK
DROVE ALONGSIDE
THE FRENZIED
TEAM, LEAPED
FROM HIS BIKE
AND GRABBED
THE REINS!



ALTHOUGH HE WAS DRAGGED ABOUT 125 FEET, BY TUGGING WITH ALL HIS
STRENGTH HE FINALLY BROUGHT THE HALF-DRAGGED TEAM TO A HAFT.



FOR HIS
OUTSTANDING
BRAVERY AND QUICK
ACTION, SCOUT JOHN
SARK WAS AWARDED
THE GOLD MEDAL FOR
LIFE SAVING BY THE
NATIONAL COURT OF
HONOR, BOY SCOUTS
OF AMERICA.



YOUR HEROIC DEED WAS BROUGHT HONOR TO THE ENTIRE BOY
SCOUT ORGANIZATION, JOHN. EVERY SCOUT IN THE WORLD IS PROUD
OF YOU AND OF THIS GOLD MEDAL YOU HAVE SO
BRAVELY EARNED!

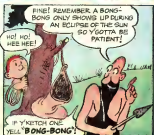














FROM "TOWN BALL" TO THE "MAJORS"

THE STORY OF THE MAN
WHO INVENTED THE MODERN
GAME OF BASEBALL...
ABNER DOUBLEDAY

ONE DAY IN THE EARLY SPRING OF 1899 (IT COULD BE ANYWHERE, NEW YORK, YOUNG ABNER DOUBLEDAY WAS PLAYING "TOWN BALL" WITH A NUMBER OF OTHER YOUNG FELLOWS.



NICE GAME, ABNER! GOSH, I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET THEIR SIDE OUT... TOOK MOST OF THE AFTERNOON!

THAT'S WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT TOWN BALL. FOURTEEN PLAYERS ON A SIDE ARE TOO MANY... AND EACH PLAYER HAS TO BE PUT OUT BEFORE THE OTHER SIDE COMES TO BAT. IT'S TOO CONFUSING!



YOUNG DOUBLEDAY, 20 YEARS OLD AT THE TIME, DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT ORGANIZING A MORE SYSTEMATIC TYPE OF BALL PLAYING...

NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN. INSTEAD OF THE SQUARE-SHAPED PLAYING FIELD WE MAKE IT DIAMOND-SHAPED, MEASURING NINETY FEET TO A SIDE. THIS WOULD BE HOME BASE... THE BATSMAN STANDS THERE!



WE'LL LIMIT EACH SIDE TO ELEVEN PLAYERS AND THREE OUTS RETIRING THE SIDE. A BALL CAUGHT ON THE FLY OR FIRST BOUND IS AN OUT... AND NO MORE SOCKING THE BASE RUNNER IN ORDER TO SCORE AN OUT.



AND SO THE RULES WHICH WERE THE BASIS FOR OUR MODERN GAME OF BASEBALL WERE SORTED OUT. BUT ABNER DIDN'T GET MUCH CHANCE TO BE ACTIVE IN HIS "INVENTION" BECAUSE THAT SAME YEAR...



SHORTLY AFTER HIS GRADUATION FROM WEST POINT, ASHER DOUGLASSAY SERVED IN THE MEXICAN WAR, AND FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS REMAINED IN THE ARMY.



WHILE ASHER WAS AWAY WITH THE ARMY, A GROUP IN NEW YORK ORGANIZED THE KNUCKERBOCKER BASEBALL CLUB. ALEXANDER J. CARTWRIGHT DRAFTED A CODE OF RULES BASED UPON THE DOUBLESIDE SYSTEM OF PLAY. SOON OTHER BASEBALL ASSOCIATIONS SPRANG UP.



THE KNUCKERBOCKERS FIRST GAME WAS PLAYED AGAINST THE "NEW YORK NINE" IN THE ELDERSMAN FIELDS AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, IN 1845.



TWENTY-ONE RUNS TO FOUR! THE NEW YORK NINE WINS!

RIGHT! AND THEY DID IT IN FOUR INNINGS!

IN 1861 THE CIVIL WAR BEGAN. ASHER DOUGLASSAY, THEN A CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY, FIRED THE FIRST GUN AT FORT SUMTER.



AT ANTETAM AND GETTYSBURG HE SO DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AS A LEADER THAT IN 1865 HE WAS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL.



IN 1869 THE FIRST PROFESSIONAL CLUB WAS FORMED, CALLED THE "CINCINNATI RED STOCKINGS." THE "NATIONAL LEAGUE OF BASEBALL CLUBS" WAS FORMED IN 1876. THE AMERICAN LEAGUE WAS NOT ORGANIZED UNTIL 1900. THUS BEGAN OUR PRESENT TWO MAJOR LEAGUES.



FOR THE INFORMATION OF STAMP COLLECTORS... THIS PURPLE COMMEMORATIVE STAMP WAS ISSUED BY THE U.S. POST OFFICE IN 1969, 100 YEARS AFTER ASHER DOUGLASSAY MADE UP THE RULES WHICH EVENTUALLY LED TO OUR PRESENT DAY MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL.

Think and Grin



"BUT THINK OF THE FUN YOU HAD PLAYING IT BEFORE YOU FOUND OUT IT WAS THE MOON."

Daffynishion: Soda Jerk — a licensed fisherman. — Jim Van Gorden, Eau Claire, Wis.

A village blacksmith was instructing his apprentice.

"When I take this shoe out of the fire and lay it on the anvil," he explained, "I'll nod my head and then you hit it with the hammer."

Now the villagers are looking for a new blacksmith. — Ray Baubles, Yonkers, N. Y.

A young man was taking a civil service examination for a job as a rural mail carrier.

He came to the question: How far is it from the earth to the moon? In answer he wrote: "I am not interested in that route." — Herbert Green, Steplerville, Tex.

Two small boys came to the dentist's office. One of them said, "I want a tooth out, and I don't want gas because I'm in a hurry."

"That's a good boy," smiled the dentist. "Which tooth is it?"

The boy turned to his friend. "Show him your tooth, Herman." — Jack Findlay, Meadville, Pa.



The squad of recruits were on the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They moved up to 200 yards. Again no hits. They tried at 100 yards. No luck.

"Tenshun!" the sergeant shouted. "It's your last chance. Fix bayonets' Charge!" — Ronnie Jordan, Front Royal, Va.

MILLICENT



"BE PART OF AFTER US - WE'RE NOT STOPPING!"

A bee has a stinger three-hundredths of an inch long. The other 24 inches is just your imagination.—Noel Kropp, Marquette, Mich.

The maharajah of an interior Indian province decreed that no wild animals could be killed. Soon the country was overrun by man-eating tigers, lions, panthers, and bears. The people couldn't stand it any longer, and they gave the maharajah the heave-ho.

This was the first instance where the reign was called because of the game. — Judy Wornack, Rome, Georgia



Don: Why does your dog keep turning around in circles?

John: He's a watch dog, and he's winding himself up.—Wayne Brown, Monticello, Wis.

During a traffic snarl, a horn-tooter began blaring his horn. A man in a car alongside looked over and politely inquired: "What else did you get for Christmas?" — Albert Floyd, South Euclid, Ohio



City Slicker: (pointing to a haystack) 'What kind of a house is that?'

Farmer: 'That ain't a house; that's a haystack.'

City Slicker: 'Say, you can't fool me. Hay doesn't grow in a lump like that.'—Stephen W. Mench, State College, Pa.



Applicant: 'Have you an opening for me?'
Personnel Manager: 'Yes, and don't slam it on the way out.'—Joe Kirkham, Madison, Wis.

MILLCENT



THE TRACY TWINS

DICKY
+ NICKY

BY GIK BROWN

WE'RE SMART, DICKY.

INSTEAD OF READING ABOUT
OIL WE'LL GO OUT AND DIG
OURSELVES A WELL!

ACCORDIN' TO THIS BOOK
FARMER JONES' BACK
PASTURE SHOULD BE A
GOOD PLACE TO START!



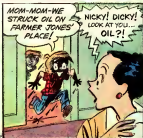
SHUFF, SHUFF-
HEY, DICKY... THIS
SMELLS LIKE
OIL!

KEEP
DIGGING!
WE'VE MADE
A DISCOVERY
I'LL BET!



WHEN! THIS
IS HARDER
WORK THAN I
FIGURED!

AW, COME ON,
NICKY... JUST
A LITTLE
DEEPER!

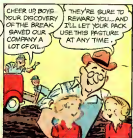


MOM-MOM-WE
STRUCK OIL ON
FARMER JONES'
PLACE!

NICKY! DICKY!
LOOK AT YOU...
OIL?!



HELLO-OPERATOR...GET ME
FARMER JONES...QUICK, THE
TWINS FOUND AN OIL
WELL ON HIS FARM!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE TOWN DEN PUTS ON ITS ANNUAL PLAY.

THE FIRST ACT OF OUR DEN'S MELODRAMA WENT JUST FINE, AS THE HEROINES, HICKY, YOU WERE GRAND.

I FEEL GUILTY IN THESE GIRL CLOTHES. WISH I WAS THE VILLAIN LIKE DICKY.

NOW REMEMBER... IN THIS ACT, HICKY, YOU ARE LEFT IN THE OLD DESERTED HOUSE BY DICKY, THE VILLAIN. YOU CALL YOUR FAITHFUL DOG AND ATTACH A NOTE FOR HELP TO HIS COLLAR. ALL SET?

TAKE YOUR PLACES ON STAGE... READY?
—CURTAIN!

STRONGHEART WAS TOO SLEEPY TO WALK SO I PULLED HIM OVER IN MY WAGON.

OH, PLEASE, SIR... DO NOT LEAVE ME IN THIS DESOLATE PLACE!

HA, MY PROUD BEAUTY! NOW I HAVE YOU IN MY POWER!

HERE YOU STAY WHILE I FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT MY FAITHFUL DOG WILL RESCUE ME!

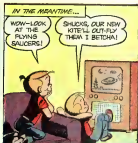
STAGE MANAGER

HERE STRONGHEART, FAITHFUL COMPANION... CARRY THIS NOTE TO FEARLESS DAN... HE WILL SAVE US FROM THAT VILLAIN!



A SHORT TIME LATER...





Stories from the Bible...

SAMSON

by
OSCAR
FLEISCH



SAMSON WAS THE SON
OF MANOAH OF THE TRIBE
OF DAN.



FROM A PICTURE BY
KERNERMAN

BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AN ANGEL OF THE LORD HAD
APPEARED TO HIS PARENTS AND TOLD THEM SAMSON WAS
TO SAVE ISRAEL FROM THE PHILISTINES AND THAT HE
MUST NEVER TOUCH WINE OR CUT HIS HAIR.



AS A CHILD HELPING HIS FATHER IN THE FIELDS,
SAMSON SHOWED PROMISE OF THE AMAZING STRENGTH
HE WOULD HAVE AS A GROWN MAN. HE COULD LIFT
A HUGE MILLSTONE UNAIDED!



COMING UPON A LION ONE DAY,
SAMSON SLEW THE FERCE BEAST WITH HIS
BARE HANDS.

THE PHILISTINES WERE THE ENEMIES OF THE ISRAELITES
AND BEING SAMSON GROWN TO MANHOOD THEY FEARED
HIM AND SET UPON HIM. BUT SAMSON SLEW A
THOUSAND OF THEM WITH THE JAWBONE OF AN ASS.



ONCE, WHEN SAMSON WENT TO THE CITY OF GAZA,
THE MEN PLOTTED TO KILL HIM AND BARRED THE
GATES SO HE COULD NOT ESCAPE. AT MIDNIGHT
SAMSON ROSE AND LIFTING THE GATES TOOK THEM
LOOSE, POSTS AND ALL, AND CARRIED THEM AWAY.



THE PHILISTINES COULD NOT DISCOVER THE REASON FOR SAMSON'S GREAT STRENGTH. THEY PLOTTED WAYS OF FINDING OUT HIS SECRET AND THUS DESTROY HIM.



NOW SAMSON HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN NAMED DELILAH. THE LORDS OF THE PHILISTINES BARRED HER WITH PROMISES OF GREAT WEALTH IF SHE WOULD TRICK SAMSON INTO TELLING HER WHAT GAVE HIM SUCH POWER, AND PASS THE SECRET ON TO THEM.



DAY AFTER DAY DELILAH URGED SAMSON TO TELL HER HIS SECRET. FINALLY HE SAID TO HER, "IF I WERE TO HAVE MY HEAD SHAVEN I WOULD BECOME WEAK AND BE LIKE ANY OTHER MAN."



THEN, AS SAMSON FLEPT, DELILAH TOLD THE PHILISTINES WHAT SHE HAD LEARNED AND THEY STOLE UPON HIM, CUT HIS HAIR, GILDED HIM, AND BLINDED HIM. THEY TOOK HIM TO GAZA, AND FORCED HIM TO GRIND WHEAT IN THE PRISON HOUSE WHILE THEY MOCKED AND SHAMED HIM.



BUT THE PHILISTINES DID NOT NOTICE THAT SAMSON'S HAIR BEGAN TO GROW IN AGAIN. WHILE CHAINED IN HIS PRISON AT NIGHT, SAMSON PRAYED FOR FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE UPON THE PHILISTINES.



THE LORDS OF THE PHILISTINES GATHERED TOGETHER TO OFFER A SACRIFICE TO THEIR GOD, DAGON, ABOUT THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE CAME TO THE TEMPLE AND THEY BROUGHT FORTH SAMSON, IN CHAINS, TO JEER HIM. BUT THE LORD HEARD SAMSON'S PRAYERS AND STRENGTHENED HIM AGAIN, AND SAMSON TOOK HOLD OF THE TWO MIDDLE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE AND BROKE THEM, CAUSING THE ROOF TO FALL, DESTROYING HIMSELF AND ALL THE PHILISTINES THAT WERE THEREIN.

A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTING IN ACTION

by Alan

SCOOTS DENNIS McSHARRY, STEVE DURRANT, MIKE WALLACE AND PAUL DREHANN, ALL OF TROOP 70, SPONSORED BY ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, WERE CAMPING IN A REMOTE AREA OF BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON WITH THEIR SCOUTMASTER, VALON A. ZARR. SUDDENLY...



IMPROVISING A STRETCHER WITH THEIR SHIRTS AND SOME POLES, THE SCOUTS STARTED TO CARRY THE BOY OUT.





I'LL CALL THE GALT LAKE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE FOR HELP!



THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES STARTED AT ONCE.

THIS IS A TERRIBLE NIGHT FOR THAT BOY TO BE OUT!



THAT'S A GOOD FIRST AID JOB YOU DID. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. PART OF YOUR SCOUT TRAINING, EH?

WE PUT THE YOUNG FELLOWS IN OUR TENTS AND SLEEPING BAGS FOR THE NIGHT.

IT'S TWO A.M.! WE'LL CARRY HIM OUT AS SOON AS IT'S LIGHT!

YOU SCOUTS SURE LIVE UP TO YOUR MOTTO!



IN THE MORNING THE BOY WAS CARRIED FIVE MILES OVER RUGGED, DRENCHED TERRAIN TO AN AMBULANCE WAITING ON THE HIGHWAY.

HE WAS TREATED AT THE HOSPITAL AND, BECAUSE OF THE PROMPT AND EFFICIENT AID HE HAD RECEIVED, WAS SOON OUT OF DANGER. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF SCOUT KNOW-HOW IN EMERGENCIES!

KAM

of the "ANCIENT ONES"

by JOE KAM



KAM GLADLY AGREED TO REST FOR A WHILE WITH HIS NEW FOUND FRIEND, VACA, IN HIS PIT HOUSE HOME BESIDE ONE OF THE GREAT STONE TOWERS BY THE GALLINAS RIVER IN NEW MEXICO.

AFTER THE EVENING MEAL, AN OLD CHIEF OF THE GALLINAS TRIBE TOLD THE BOYS A LEGEND THAT HAD BEEN HANDLED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.



"WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, ALL MEN LIVED BESIDE A GREAT LAKE, SO HUGE THAT NONE HAD EVER SEEN ACROSS IT, FOR THERE THE SHADOW ONE, OR GREAT SPIRIT, DWELT... FOREVER HIDDEN IN MIST.

"ONE DAY A YOUNG BRAVE SPOOLED A FISH SO HEAVY HE COULD NOT RAISE IT TO THE BANK. HE WAS DRAGGED INTO THE WATER, BUT HE WOULD NOT LET SUCH A PRIZE GO.



"INTO THE MIST, WHERE NO MAN HAD EVER GREN BEFORE, HE WAS DRAGGED. SUDDENLY, THE FISH TURNED INTO A BEAR AND LEAPED UPON THE BANK OF THE DISTANT CHIEF. THE BRAVE LEAPED AFTER HIM.



"OVER HIGH MOUNTAINS, ACROSS VAST PLAINS THE BRAVE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF BLOOD DRIPPING FROM THE BEAR'S SPEAR WOUND. AT LAST THE BRAVE FELL EXHAUSTED AND LAY AS ONE DEAD.

"THE WHITE BEAR, SEEING HIS FURRIER HAD FALLEN, TURNED AND CHARGED UPON HIM. BUT THE BRAVE'S MEDICINE WAS STRONG, ROLLING TO ONE SIDE, HE GRASPED THE SPEAR, STILL IMBEDDED IN THE BEAR'S SIDE, AND DROVE IT INTO THE BEAST'S HEART!



"THEN THE BRAVE FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP WHICH LASTED MANY DAYS. AN EAGLE, SEEING THE STILL BODY, SEIZED IT IN HIS TALONS AND CARRIED IT HIGH INTO THE SKY. WHEN THE BRAVE AWOKE, HE STRUGGLED SO FIERCELY WITH THE EAGLE THAT BOTH FELL TO EARTH AND WERE DASHED TO PIECES ON THE ROCKS BELOW!



"THE GREAT SPIRIT, HAVING SEEN THE COURAGE OF THE YOUNG BRAVE, WAS MOVED TO COMPASSION. WITH HIS SACRED WIND HE BROUGHT THE BRAVE BACK TO LIFE. FROM THE FEATHERS OF THE EAGLE HE CREATED A TRIBE, WITH THE BRAVE AS CHIEF.

"THE TRIBE GREW IN NUMBERS AND SEPARATED INTO GROUPS WHICH FOUGHT AGAINST EACH OTHER. TO US, THE GALLINAS, WAS GIVEN THE SECRET OF BUILDING THESE STONE TOWERS SO THAT NO ENEMY WILL EVER BE ABLE TO OVERCOME AND DESTROY US."
SO SPOKE THE OLD CHIEF.



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, KAM'S FRIEND, VADA, SHOWED HIM HOW TO MAKE A BOW. THE ARROW-MAKER MADE HIM ARROWS. KAM SPENT MANY HOURS PRACTICING UNTIL HE BECAME A FINE MARKSMAN.

KAM WAS VERY PROUD THE DAY HE RETURNED FROM A HUNT WITH MORE GAME THAN VADA. BUT VADA WAS NOT JEALOUS. HE WAS JUST AS PROUD FOR HAVING TAUGHT KAM HOW TO USE THE BOW AND ARROW. A GREAT FEAST WAS HELD.



"TOMORROW," SAID KAM TO VADA AT THE FEAST, "I WILL TEACH YOU A GAME THE BOYS OF MY TRIBE PLAY. IT IS GOOD SPORT."



BEFORE SUN-UP, KAM WAS BUSY PLAYING A SMALL HOOP OF TOUGH GRASSES AND REEDS. THEN HE MADE A DART OF WOOD, WEIGHTED AT ONE END WITH A SMALL POINTED STONE, THE OTHER END TRIMMED WITH TWO FEATHERS.





THE RULES FOR THIS GAME WERE SIMPLE. ONE BOY ROLLED THE HOOP ALONG THE GROUND; THE OTHER BOYS TOOK TURNS TRYING TO THROW THE DART THROUGH IT.



SUDDENLY THEIR GAME WAS INTERRUPTED BY A LOUD CRY FROM THE VILLAGE. A LOOKOUT ON ONE OF THE STONE TOWERS HAD SEEN A HOSTILE RAIDING PARTY!



THE BOYS DASHED TO THE STONE TOWERS TO HELP REPEL THE INVADEES. AS KAW FOLLOWED WAGA UP THE LONG LADDER HIS HEART BEAT FAST. NOW, HE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO REPLY THE KINDNESS OF HIS FRIENDS.



AS SOON AS ALL THE GROUP HAD REACHED THE TOP, THE HEAVY LADDER WAS PULLED UP. THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE SENT INTO THE TOWER, AND THE MEN STOOD WAITING WITH THEIR WEAPONS READY!



THEY HAD NOT LONG TO WAIT. FROM A NEARBY CANYON CAME A WAR PARTY OF FIERCE APACHES. WITH LOUD WHOOPS THE RAIDERS RUSHED TOWARD THE TOWERS.



THE TOWER THAT KAW WAS ON RECEIVED THE FIRST ONSLAUGHT AS IT WAS NEAREST TO THE CANYON FROM WHICH THE RAIDERS HAD COME. SO HEAVY WAS THE RAIN OF MISSILES KAW AND HIS FRIENDS THREW DOWN ON THE APACHES, THAT THEY SOON GAVE UP THEIR ATTACK AND CONCENTRATED ON ANOTHER TOWER.



THE ENEMY DESTROYED THE NEXT TOWER WITH THEIR FIRE ARROWS, THEN THEY BURNED AND LOOTED SEVERAL MORE TOWERS BEFORE THE GALLINAS WERE ABLE TO DRIVE THEM OFF!



KAM AND HIS FRIENDS DID NOT PURSUE THE APACHES FOR THEY KNEW THEY WOULD BE NO MATCH FOR THEM ON OPEN GROUND. INSTEAD, THEY BOUND UP THEIR WOUNDED, CLEARED AWAY THE RUBBLE AND SETTLED DOWN AGAIN TO THEIR PEACEFUL WAY OF LIFE.

KAM STAYED WITH HIS FRIEND, WACA, AND THE KINDLY GALLINAS TRIBE IN THEIR PIT HOUSES AND GREAT STONE TOWERS FOR MANY MONTHS. THEN, BIDDING THEM GOODBYE, HE SET OUT AGAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.



HE HEADED NORTHWEST TOWARD A DISTANT RANGE OF MOUNTAINS. WACA HAD WARNED HIM OF SUDDEN CLOUDBURSTS WHICH COULD TURN DRY GULLIES INTO RAGING TORRENTS IN MINUTES.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

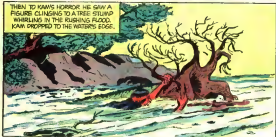


ALMOST AS QUICKLY AS IT BEGAN, THE CLOUDBURST WAS OVER... BUT SUDDENLY AROUND A BEND IN THE GULLY...



A WALL OF WATER FROM NOWHERE!
HOW CAN THIS BE?
SURELY THIS IS A
STRANGE LAND!

THEN TO KAM'S HORROR HE SAW A
FIGURE CLINGING TO A TREE STUMP
WHIRLING IN THE RUSHING FLOOD.
KAM DROPPED TO THE WATER'S EDGE.



REACHING OUT AS FAR AS HE COULD, KAM
WAS JUST ABLE TO GRASP THE HALF-
DROWNED MAN BY HIS LONG HAIR.



THE EARTH SPIRITS
HAVE FAVORED YOU
THIS DAY, FRIEND!

MY LIFE IS YOURS!
FOOLISHLY I TRIED
TO DRIVE MY SHEEP
FROM THE PATH
OF THE FLOOD. I WAS
TOO LATE.





KAM, ALWAYS EAGER TO MEET NEW TRIBES AND LEARN THEIR WAYS, ACCOMPANIED HIS NEW FRIEND TO HIS HOME. HE WAS A ZUNI INDIAN AND LIVED IN A LARGE PUEBLO HOUSING OVER A HUNDRED OTHER FAMILIES. THE THIRSTY LAND HAD SO ABSORBED THE RAIN THAT NOT A TRACE OF WATER WAS LEFT.



GREAT WAS THE JOY WHEN THE TWO ARRIVED. THEY WERE QUICKLY SURROUNDED BY THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF KAM'S COMPANION.

THE ENTIRE PUEBLO CELEBRATED THEIR SAFE RETURN WITH A KACHINA DANCE (KACHINAS WERE SPIRIT PEOPLE WHO LIVED BENEATH SPRINGS AND LAVERES) AS KAM WATCHED THE WEIRD COSTUMED AND PAINTED FIGURES DANCE TO THE RHYTHMIC THROBBING OF DRUMS AND RATTLES, HE THOUGHT OF THE TALKS HE WOULD BE ABLE TO TELL WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS OWE HOME.



SPECIAL FEATURES

FICTION • SPORTS • HOBBIES • HOW-TO-MAKE

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RODEO BAIT

By JAMES W. ENGLISH

A TOWN'S rodeo is the biggest event of the year out west, and Phoenix is certainly no exception. When the annual epidemic of boots and saddles hits this town, the citizens just aren't on speaking terms with anyone who doesn't look like an advertisement for a mail order cowboy outfit. Of course, some eager beavers start looking like Hollywood extras for a cowboy movie before the big show. But you never saw these loco characters at a Troop Ten meeting because it's traditional at Ten to wear the Scout uniform to every meeting except the one held during Rodeo Week.

However, this year was different. Brother! The Cougar Patrol jumped the gun by three weeks. They arrived at Troop Meeting looking like double exposure in Kodachrome. Honest, their rodeo shirts were so loud you could even hear the echo.

The rest of the Troop promptly started chanting, "Throw 'em out!" But Doc, our Scoutmaster, shook his head. "Let's

hear what those hombres have to say before we chase them off the range," he suggested.

Foxie, he's Patrol Leader of the Cougars, swaggered out to the center of the floor.

"Fellow townsmen," he said, his drawl as phony as a TV western movie. "This here town's gone soft! It's not the Old West any more. You know what I mean. Folks say that boys today aren't the men they were in grandpappy's time. Well, these top hands of mine decided we'd rope and hog tie this vicious rumor. So me and my boys have rounded up some mighty frisky horses to ride in the big rodeo parade. We'll ride as a unit and represent the Troop. Been practicin' our horsemanship 'til we're pretty good. Took a little ride tonight, and didn't have time to change clothes. Just want you fellows to know what happened."

As Patrol Leader of the Tailbone Patrol I couldn't resist taking a dig at our closest competition. "With those shirts I bet they have to blindfold the horses," I quipped.

"Any horse they can ride is probably already blind," retorted Toby Tyler, my jolly Assistant PL.

BEFORE you could say "Smile when you say that, pardner!" Foxxie was standing spraddle-legged directly in front of us.

"Where I come from we don't stand for talk like that, pardner!" he stated, in the menacing manner of Humphrey Bogart.

"Well, sit down then, pardner," I suggested.

Before I could shut my mouth, all the Cougars were crowding in front of us, looking as threatening as ham on rye.

"Hey!" Doc cut in. "You Cougars ske-daddle to your section of the range. As long as I'm sheriff in these parts we'll settle all arguments legally. Now park it, and quick, and that goes for you Tailboners too."

We Tailboners got that name because a few months ago we had made our weak Patrol into a real live one. By sensibly sitting on our tailbones on a mountain all night we had saved a lost child and given our morale a buildup. Now we had a reputation to uphold. We listened as Doc went on.

"A long standing Troop tradition has been broken tonight. I think the Cougars are justified and I admire their civic pride. But apparently some of you Troop Teners disagree. Now let's hear from the oppositing."

Volunteers were scarcer than jet pilots back in the covered wagon days.

"Well, Toby!" Doc queried. "You voiced some strong opinions. Give us your ideas."

I slapped my Assistant on the back, hard enough to shove him to his feet. "All you can give for the cause is your neck," I whispered.

He gave me a dirty look, and I knew he was fishing around for a reply.

AFTER a moment's pause, he blurted out, "Aw, Doc, you know those guys can't ride. With hands playing and folks yelling at that parade, those plugs will unseat Cougars all over North Central Avenue. Then Ten'll be the laughing stock of the entire Council."

Toby had closed his eyes and swung in the dark, but he'd socked a home run. The Troop yelled agreement.

Doc frowned. "Let's hear from the Cougars," he suggested.

Foxxie took the floor again.

"My uncle is a marshal in the parade," he stated seriously. "We asked to ride as a unit, representing Troop Ten, and he thought it was a good idea. We've mowed lawns and carted groceries to earn the money to rent horses. And two nights a week we've taken rides to get in condition."

"That settles it," Doc stated. "The Cougars certainly have a right to ride in the parade, and I predict the Troop will be proud of them."

Everyone gave with a big cheer, for the way Foxxie had put it, we knew we were in the wrong.

I stood up. "As Patrol Leader of the Tailbone Patrol, I'd like to apologize to the Cougars."

"Thanks!" Foxxie acknowledged, "but fellows, you've hurt our pride, raising doubts about our horsemanship. And since it was the Tailboners who insisted we couldn't ride, we'd like to challenge that Patrol to any riding event they'd care to name."

"How about it, Tailboners?" Doc demanded.

"Time out for a caucus," I stated, calling my Patrol together.

"Oh, brother!" Toby wailed. "I've never been on a horse."

"On the level, guys," I demanded. "Can anyone ride?"

Not a Tailbomer volunteered.

"I was on a horse once," Billy Spears said, "but we parted company at a jump."

"We've got to accept their challenge or be laughed out of the Troop," Beans Roberts stated.

Toby nodded. "That's right. Tell 'em we'll accept, but will name the event and place at the next Troop Meeting."

THE following Sunday afternoon we held a Patrol pow wow at my house. But were getting nowhere fast when Billy Spears arrived. He was grinning like a Cheshire cat eating canaries.

"Okay, moonbeam," Toby commented. "Why all the sunlight when us poor Tailboners are about to become rodeo bait."

Billy grinned. "The trouble with you guys," he observed outishly, "is that you just sit on your tailbones. But fortunately this Patrol has one brain."

"So you read a book about horses," Toby retorted.

"No, but I know how we stand an even chance with the Cougars," Billy replied. "My dad works for the packing company, as you guys know. Well, they're expecting a shipment of a dozen wild burros next week—going to use 'em for some advertising stunt back east."

"It's not enough to be thrown by a tame horse," wailed Toby. "Now brain-storm wants us to get tossed overboard by wild burros."

"That's just the point," Billy stated. "Since these burros have never been ridden, they'll be tough to handle, even for the Cougars."

"But how do you figure to use the burros?" I demanded.

Billy grinned. "As I remember this challenge, which resulted from our Patrol Leader and his Assistant opening their big mouths—"

"Here! Here!" I exclaimed. "That's disrespectful but true."

"As I was saying," Billy continued. "We were challenged to any riding event, which I assume means any mount as well. Now even a good horseman, which I don't think the Cougars are, would have trouble putting a wild burro through his paces. So, if we challenge the Cougars to a wild burro polo match, we've as much chance as they have."

Beans Roberts started laughing. "Wait until that horsey set of dudes hears this one," he chuckled gleefully.

"But where would we hold a polo match?" I demanded. "We don't know anyone who owns a polo field."

"Dad checked that for me before I came over," Billy replied. "The packing house will sponsor the match on their polo field. They think it'll make a good advertising stunt for Rodeo Week. They'll have some expert trick riders and ropers for a demonstration before the polo game, and except for their fees, all receipts from the ticket sale will go to the Troop's charity fund."

Toby sat upright. "I'll buy that one," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The Troop will make some dough, and it'll

stymie the Cougars. They won't dare turn it down."

Naturally, the Cougars claimed foul play, but as Toby had predicted, they didn't dare refuse the match in view of the Troop pocketing the proceeds.

ON THE day that polo enthusiasts will never forget (or live down), the Troop gathered early at the playing field. People were already arriving, and Doc informed us that several thousand tickets had been sold. "For once I'm glad you wise guys opened your big yaps," he added. "This shindig should add a few greenbacks to the Troop's charity fund."

"Remember, Doc," Toby said, "charity begins at home. Let a single red rose mark the spot where lie my last remains."

"Maybe the customers will go home after the trick riders and ropers finish," I suggested hopefully.

"You guys are still the main dish," snapped Foxie. "The Cougars will make so many goals it'll look like a baseball score between the New York Yankees and the Phoenix Senators."

"Yeah!" spluttered Billy Spears, trying to raise his polo stick to a threatening position. "You Cougars couldn't hit the Brooklyn Bridge with one of these things."

"We could kick that rubber beachball between the goal posts," boasted one of the Cougars.

"Naughty! Naughty!" Toby chided, wagging a waggish finger at the offender. "That's not fair. We'll protest. There's rules for this horseplay er—burroplay—ain't there?"

"Except for the mounts, which you'll be riding bareback, and the rubber beachball substituted for the wooden ball used in regular polo matches, all the rules will prevail," Doc stated.

Fortunately, at that moment the trick riders and ropers took the field and their demonstration held even our attention. But, like summer vacation, all good things come to an end, and it was time for the polo match.

Some hard working cowboys lassoed our mounts and dragged them onto the field. Honestly, those burros were so thin they couldn't even cast a shadow.

"Maybe I should carry my little beast," Toby suggested. "I must outweigh the critter twenty or thirty pounds."

"Save your sympathy," I commented. "They look spooked enough to climb trees."

"It's a shame we must play this polo match on burros," complained Foxie, sounding like he'd been raised on sour milk. His resentment was evident as he unfastened the cowboy's rope from one of the burros.

The lasso no sooner hit the ground than that burro curled his tail and took off in such a hurry he didn't have time to tell anyone good-bye. Foxie made a dive for the reins, snagged them, and rode drag anchor across the field on the heel of his boots and the seat of his trousers. One of the cowboys herded the unsober burro back to the center of the playing field, and this time Foxie displayed considerably more respect for his pint-sized mount.

Toby, who had viewed this episode in startled amazement started edging for the gate.

"Come back here, we've got to go through with this thing," I shouted at him.

"Or else get run out of town," commented Tommy Thompson. "Listen to that crowd yelling for blood, ours of course."

For the first time I was aware of the laughter and cheers, all for the burros, emanating from the stands.

Toby shrugged his shoulders, remarking, "I hope my little fellow has upped, stered seat covers." He started down one of the ropes hand over hand. The burro backed off as far as the lasso would allow, displaying a menacing pair of bicuspid. The crowd yelled with gristly glee.

A COWBOY untied the lasso but held onto the reins until Toby scrambled on board. The crowd boomed, for that spindle-legged burro appeared swayed back under the weight of our rotund Assistant PL.

But suddenly, without warning, that poor little burro came undone. He just begged his head, humped his back, and stiffened his legs. Boy! How he could buck!

Toby bounced around on the hurricane deck like tumbleweed in a sandstorm until he lost his balance and flopped over flat on the burro's back. Frantically, he grabbed for some support, and wound up with a leg scissors wrapped around the burro's long ears and a firm grip on the animals scraggly tail.

Two cowboys returned Toby and his mount to the center of the polo field, where they were untangled.

"Nice ride!" I observed. "Trick stuff!"

Toby glared.

With plenty of assistance from the cowboys, both Patrols were finally mounted and ready for action. The referees called for the face off, tossing the big beach ball between the two teams, and the polo match to end all polo matches was underway.

Foxie and I were closest to the ball, for all the good that did us. We fanned the breeze with our mallets. We dug our heels into the flanks of our mounts. But our burros didn't budge. Correction, Mine didn't. But Foxie's mount suddenly went into action like he was chasing rabbits. Foxie was riding topside like a veteran polo player and took a full swipe at the beach ball as he charged past. His mallet connected perfectly. The ball sailed out like a line-smash home run, soaring in a straight line until it met an immovable object, my head.



The ball bounced back onto the playing field, a dozen yards away.

From somewhere back of me Tommy Thompson yelled, "Nice block!"

"Shut up!" I retorted angrily, rubbing gingerly as I sought to learn if my nose was still stuck to my face.

Before I could evaluate the extent of my injuries, Toby's burro pulled a sneak attack. He hit my mount's unprotected flanks and set off a chain reaction, none of which was delayed.

My burro sprang out of his tracks with a jet-propelled takeoff, only we weren't going anyplace. We were just practicing starts and stops. That burro stopped on a dime, but I didn't. I had a short free fight, but the pull of the earth's gravity was too much. There was nothing gentle about my landing on the turf, but a personal inventory disclosed no structural breaks although my bolts and hinges were sure shook loose.

At this point of the polo match, the very start, I was quite content to lie on the grassy sod and contemplate the folly of polo and the deceptiveness of burros. But it just wasn't my day.

That darn stripped beach ball came bounding past once more.

It had the effect of the bell starting the next round of a prize fight. I got to my feet and started bicycling, and none too soon. Three Cougars and a like number of burros were free wheeling toward the ball. I had visions of being trampled further into that unyielding turf, and I didn't like any part of the prospect.

I let out a frightened yell, waved my arms, and took off for the sidelines, but it was hopeless. I was definitely caught jaywalking before a speeding line of burros.

I MUST have looked like Old Nick himself to those burros, for they stopped dead in their tracks. One minute I have three wild-eyed burros charging down on me and the next minute I'm being bull dogged by three flying Cougars, who hadn't stopped in their tracks.

When those three high flying Cougars crashed to the turf, I couldn't help quipping, "Please replace the divots, fellows. We must keep our greens in shape for the next golfers."

Foxie, who was one of the unmounted Cougars, glowered at me. "You deliberately caused our burros to stop," he charged. "We claim a foul."

"Hay!" I retorted. "I was just trying to get out the line of fire. Can I help it if your mounts don't like pedestrians?"

A growing roar from the stands caused the four of us to look around. The Tailbone Patrol, minus their PL, were pressing the attack on the short handed Cougars. There was quite a melee before the goal posts, followed by a terrific cheer. The official scorer ruled that Toby's mount kicked the ball between the goal posts.

The score was allowed to stand, no protests were recognized, and the game got underway again. Unfortunately everyone remounted. This time the Cou-





gurs were really steamed up and they pressed the attack. Only the stubbornness of their burros, who could obviously see no future in chasing a beach ball up and down a polo field, prevented them from making a dozen goals.

Despite the desire to hang onto our lead, the Tailbone Patrol was slowing down. We were becoming what Tommy Thompson called "frictionized" meaning that we'd lost enough hide to make a pair of leggings. It was increasingly painful just to sit our mounts. But the Cougars' previous rides apparently had them in better condition, for they weren't letting up.

I was bushed, and was just sitting my mount when Toby came up. He was perched on the poop dock of his mount, like a yogi or something. His feet were drawn up under his chin and it looked like he was squatting down on his heels.

"What's this? More trick riding?" I inquired.

"Skilled horsemanship," Toby commented airily. "Besides, I find this position more comfortable." He smiled smugly, which on Toby means an ear to ear smirk. "Riding these critters is merely a matter of brain over brawn," he added.

At that instant, Toby's mount, no doubt irritated at this aspersions to his intellect, decided to dissolve their partnership. The liquidation was sensational. That burro combined a Hawaiian hula with a Harlem bounce and a flip of the

tail. The latter was a farewell wave to our blimp-sized Assistant PL, who had sailed off like a dirigible that's slipped its mooring.

Merely freeing himself of this unwanted partnership, however, didn't satisfy Toby's bloodthirsty mount. That burro was mad. He bared his teeth, snorted, and set a course for the prostrate Toby. I got my mount between them in time to give Toby a chance to start legging it toward the stands. Toby's burro cut a sharp corner and took up the chase. This time Beans Roberts managed to head off the chunk of donkey brawn.

The stands were in such an uproar that it was several minutes later before we learned that the Cougars had used this moment to score the tying goal. We protested, but were overruled.

THE third and final chukker was nearly finished when Billy Spears blocked one of Foxie's zooming drives right before our goal posts. Billy was content to smash the ball upfield, but his burro miraculously gave chase. Billy got in a couple more good solid blows at the ball before his poor man's polo pony tired of the sport and gave up the chase.

Already the Cougars were getting into the act. I yelled at Toby to get going, and slapped my burro. He responded as though, after being the dunce of the class, he had suddenly acquired brains. We charged up to the ball and I started the downward swing with my mallet. At that

particular instant, my burro shied to one side. However, my aim was good, and the mallet connected solidly with the ground. The ground shook and I barely rolled to safety as Toby and his enraged burro charged past.

I had quite a view of Toby's pained expression, for he was riding backwards, or upside down. At least he wasn't sitting his mount in the proscribed manner. There was a look of desperation about him, a "What-do-I-do-now?" expression. Nor was there an answer to his problem, for he was dangling under the burro's neck, his arms and legs clamped tight around the animal's stringy mane.

It looked like the burro would take a front somersault any minute, but this didn't slow him down in the least. He was going places, and Toby with him.

As usual, Toby's burro had his teeth bared. There must have been a little hungry wolf in that burro's family tree.

Reaching the beach ball, that burro never slackened pace, but scooped up the ball with his hieuspide as though it was a bucket of choice oats. The ball burst with the report of a .30-06 rifle. The burro, his teeth clamped vice-like on the deflated ball, humped his back and went into over-drive.

That fool burro was headed diagonally across the polo field, when he suddenly did a right turn, without signaling, and took a sighting on the goal posts. With

the sureness of a compass needle, he held to his course. Pandemonium broke loose as the burro, Toby, and the punctured beach ball, charged between the goal posts in one mad melee of legs, arms, hoofs, and bared teeth.

The gun went off ending the match, but no one heard it. The place was in a frenzied uproar. Toby, or at least that portion of him which we could see, was protruding from a stack of hay in the corner of the field, where his mount had unceremoniously damped him.

Of course, the Congress protested the play, but of course were overruled.

That night at a barbecue, as the rest of the Troop sat around in comfort, the Congress and Tailboners stood and compared bruises and harrowing experiences. True, the Troop's charity fund had profited greatly by our polo match, but the earnings had been painfully won.

The newspapers next day described our burro polo game as the surprise highlight of Rodeo Week, a riot of laughter, and they editorially expressed the hope our unorthodox game would become an annual affair. But let me assure you, there will be no burro polo match next year if Congress and Tailboners have their say about it. Foxie, Toby and I have explicit orders from our Patrons that, come another Rodeo Week, we are to keep our big mouths shut.

THE END



CIRCUS



NOSE



CLOWN GLASSES

EYES



STRONG MAN

WEIGHT



THE TROOP MAN

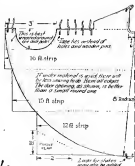
SNAKE CHARMER, JUGGLER

CLOWN COSTUMES are fun to make. Any old clothes can be used. Clown spectacles and noses can be made of ping pong balls sliced in two or with holes cut in them. Hold them on with scotch tape. Cut slits in the eyes to see through. Paint the nosepiece bright red. Long nose is made of piece of brown handle built up with layers of cheese cloth and paper glued to it. For wig, use colored yarn in stocking cap. Make strong man weight of heavy paper cut to shape as illustrated. Dumbbell is made of large rubber balls and roll of heavy cardboard. Thread a string or wire through to keep dumbbells together. Juggler's tray is nailed to long pole. Paper disks are tied to tray. Snake charmer has snake head of brightly painted cork tied to stake. Washable colors only, for tattooed man. Use any old gloves for dancing man.

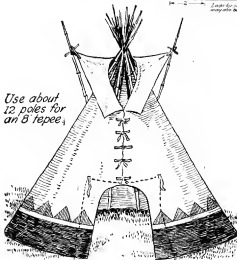
BACKYARD TEPEES

By LOUIE KAGLER

EVERY boy at sometime or other wants a tepee, and why not. Cane fish poles solve one problem, and for coverings there are several alternatives. This tepee, which can be decorated, can be made of 15 yards of 30-inch muslin. Tepees shown here are all 8 feet which will accommodate 3 or 4 boys nicely. The other two, with a little care, will make serviceable tepees that any two boys can easily make at little or no expense.



Use about
12 poles for
an 8 tepee.



TARPAULIN TEPEE

Easy to set up and take down. For an 8 ft. tepee use a 14 x 8 tarp or drop cloth and fill in at doorway with a smaller piece on each side.



This side is shown completed.

He's tucking in the lower corner.

OPENING

ADAPTED OJIBWAY FROM THE BIRCH BARK LODGE

Use about 12 thin 10 ft. saplings

FASTEN WITH NAILS INSIDE

A birch bark lodge with poles on outside to hold down bark.

- makes a pretty sure tepee



Use any material on hand. Burlap, grain sacks, or old pieces of canvas will do nicely for this.

Place the bottom pieces first and pin them as shown, with thin bar nails. The upper pieces overlap the lower ones. If you have any rain proof material use it at the top.

SHOP SAFETY

By GLENN A. WAGNER

MAKE safety a habit in your shop.

The way you keep your tools and equipment, and the way you handle them, either causes or prevents injuries. The photos show six simple checks that may save you from getting pushed. Keep a constant check on the tools you have. Do they all have handles? And are the handles tight? Are any parts missing? Take any tools that aren't in tip-top condition out of service right now. Fix them or discard them. You can't afford sliced fingers and bruised hands. Make sure your cutting tools are sharp. A dull blade will slip and cause more accidents than a sharp one. Always keep your workbench clean. A cluttered bench invites trouble. Keep the tools you're not using out of the way. Hang them on a tool panel. If you don't have a panel, make one, so they don't get lost.



Always pull on wrench. Never push. Be sure it fits so it doesn't jump.



Always grip chisel handle firmly to steady it before hitting with mallet.



Keep cutting tools sharp. Dull blades make work difficult, cause injuries.



It takes two hands to steady and guide blade of large screwdriver.



Sandpaper the head of your hammer to keep it free from glue and paint.



Use firm and snug with digit-wrapping handles, never with ragged ones.

WATERPROOF MATCH HOLDER

By PETE LEONARDIS

WET matches are useless. You'll never start a fire with them. So be prepared. Make this waterproof holder to carry your matches on your next outing.

Use a seven dram size plastic vial with a flexible plastic cap. You can get one at a drugstore. The vial is 1" in diameter and 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " long. You'll also need two $\frac{1}{2}$ " #4-40 machine screws and nuts and a 4" length of shoelace.

Coat the ends of the shoelace with model airplane cement, and make a hole in each end with an awl. Trim the ends with scissors when the cement dries. This will prevent the shoelace from unraveling.

Drill a hole in the bottom of the vial and in the cap. Use a #34 or $\frac{1}{8}$ " bit. Screw the ends of the shoelace to the bottom and to the cap.

Now fill your holder with a box of pocket safety matches. Cut off the striking sides of the box and carry them inside the holder with the matches.

Keep the cap on tight to insure dryness.

Materials won't cost more than a dime.



Punch holes in shoelace; cement, trim when dry.



Shoelace is secured to cap and bottom of vial.



Cut striking sides of box and carry them in holder.



SPEED MERCHANT

By JAY WORTHINGTON

MATT HARMON sat on the locker-room bench, his beefy face a round red portrait of agony. He felt like the mid-section of rope in a tug-of-war.

"Come on, Matt," pleaded Jo-Jo Kosak, on his left. "You promised to enter that shotput today."

"Track!" growled Lefty Reed, donning his Greendale High baseball uniform at Matt's right. "You're my catcher, Matt. Your job is to help me work on my knuckleball. We'll need it on Friday, against Middleburg."

"Today is Tuesday," argued Jo-Jo. "You can practice catching knuckleballs tomorrow. Middleburg's track team is here today."

"Radio says rain tomorrow," Lefty's flat voice was unyielding.

Matt Harmon propped his perspiring face between his big hands. Until today he had thought that a decision meant choosing between right and wrong. Now he had discovered that both sides could be right, depending on where you happened to be standing. And where did you stand when the parties were two of your favorite friends?

"I promised Jo-Jo," Matt reminded

Lefty. "You wouldn't want me to break a promise."

"You're our baseball catcher," said Lefty with chilling logic. "You haven't the right to make a promise that could hurt the team."

The door opened. Coach Tate stepped inside, looking very tall and thin in the dimly lighted, low-ceilinged locker room.

"Let's ask Coach," suggested Jo-Jo Kosak.

"Yes," Matt straightened hopefully. "I'll do whatever Coach says."

"What's all this?" asked Coach Tate, pausing in front of the debating trim.

Jo-Jo explained Greendale's desperate need of a shotputter for the track meet. Lefty Reed underscored the necessity that Matt Harmon learn the art of catching knuckleballs.

Coach Tate asked, after listening thoughtfully. "What's the problem, Matt? What do you want to do?"

"Whichever is right," said Matt. "I've practiced shotputting a little, when I had the chance, and I—I did promise Jo-Jo."

Coach Tate nodded. "I'm the baseball coach, but it's all one school. A victory over Middleburg is as important in track as it is in baseball, I'd say. That was my reason for canceling practice today, mat-

ter of fact—so that you could go to the track meet."

Matt sighed in relief. "That's what I thought."

"I'd like to go, too," protested Lefty Reed, his lean face reddening. "But I figure it's more important to work on my knuckleball."

"We have other catchers," pointed out Coach Tate, mildly. "Can't you get Billy Gray?"

"Oh, I suppose so," Lefty scowled. "I was thinking about Friday's game. Some catchers have trouble handling knuckleballs."

"That's true. But who can predict what may happen on Friday?" The coach smiled and patted Lefty's shoulder. "Matt might get hurt, or be sick. Then Billy Gray would catch."

L EFTY looked baffled, and Matt and Jo-Jo seized the opportunity to escape. Outside, Matt sighed again as the pair walked toward the field.

"Lefty thinks I'm letting him down," he said. "And I am, I suppose."

"Oh, he'll be all right, if he wins on Friday," consoled Jo-Jo. "What's all this knuckleball fuss, anyway?"

"It's a new pitch for Lefty. It's tough to catch. Unpredictable. You never know which way it's going to break."

"Why?"

Matt shrugged his wide shoulders. "Because it floats in without much spin, I guess. The experts say it depends on air currents or something. I don't know."

"Oh, well. You can work on it tomorrow."

"If I don't sprain a muscle today."

"Relax," advised Jo-Jo. "Middleburg's best sprinter also plays centerfield on their baseball team. Whitey Vogt. You know him, don't you?"

Matt reflected. "Blond, skinny fellow?"

"That's him. He doesn't seem to worry about pulling a muscle. You aren't the first ballplayer to help out a track team, you know."

"I know," admitted Matt. "But I can't help thinking how important Friday's game is to Lefty. He hasn't lost a game this year. And Middleburg beat him last year on errors. I'd hate to let in the winning run on a passed ball. Especially if it was a knuckler pitch."

The first track event was the 100, and Matt Harmon's eyes bulged as he watched Middleburg's Whitey Vogt streak across the finish line, yards ahead of the nearest Greendale pursuer.

"He can really stop!" murmured Matt. "I'll have to watch that Vogt on Friday, if he gets on base!"

Jo-Jo nodded. "He's a speed merchant, all right."

Matt strained and contorted himself in the shotput ring, heaving the twelve-pound iron ball for Greendale's. He was not big for a weight event, but he carried no fat on his solid, compact frame. Farm work had built up the layers of muscle, and hours of practice in a catcher's heavy gear had melted away excess flesh.

He took second place, on his third try.

But Whitey Vogt broke the tape again in the 220, and Middleburg High won the dual meet by two little points.

"If I could have practiced a little more," mourned Matt on the way home. "The shotput might have made the difference."

"You scored three points," said Jo-Jo, who had exhausted himself winning the half-mile. "We would have won easily, if that Whitey Vogt hadn't scored ten points in the dashes."

"Lefty will say it was all wasted effort."

"Oh, you can practice with him tomorrow." Jo-Jo frowned thoughtfully. "Of course, we'll want to win the baseball game more than ever, after losing to Middleburg today."

"Hum," said Matt.

But the weather forecast was unhappily accurate. Wednesday afternoon brought steady rain. And a local table tennis tournament had been scheduled in the school gym, so Matt and Lefty Reed were prevented even from practicing indoors.

Thursday wasn't much better. Lefty couldn't risk a lengthy workout on the day before the big game. The pitcher used his knuckleball as often as possible, however, during batting practice.

And Matt Harmon learned, to his dismay, that Lefty's fears had been well-founded.

The knuckler dipped, swerved, fluttered, and swooned. Matt blocked most

of them with his big mitt, but he never knew whether the ball would find the deep pocket or bounce off the glove's thick padding.

"You can't catch a runner stealing bases," admitted Matt, meeting Jo-Jo after practice, "when you're playing potty-pat with the ball."

"How did Lefty act?"

"Very cool—and disgusted."

"He's been winning without that knuckleball," said Jo-Jo. "Why does he want to start using it now, if it's so risky?"

MATT gulped. "I talked him into trying it, so I can't complain," he confessed. "It's a good enough pitch. If it fools the catcher, it ought to fool Middleburg's batters."

But Matt bounced all over his bed that night in tortured, dream-racked sleep. Lefty Reed was throwing only knuckleballs in the game, he dreamed, and Matt couldn't catch any of them. Middleburg High was using nine skinny, yellow-haired players who all looked like Whitey Vogt and raced around the bases in an unending procession, while Lefty's eyes stared accusingly from his lean, tired face. Finally, Lefty's knuckles became a clenched fist growing bigger and bigger without a baseball—and Matt woke up on the floor, clutching his bedcovers.

Matt went to Coach Tate before the game.

"I don't know if I can handle that knuckleball," he said, frankly. "I guess Lefty was right. I should have stayed here and practiced."



"Take it easy, Matt." The coach smiled. "The best big league catchers drop knuckleballs now and then."

"I know, but—"

"I've talked it over with Lefty. He agreed not to risk using the knuckleball when he has two strikes on a batter. He isn't going to expect you to call for it except on the first pitch. Or, he might want to try for a second strike if there isn't a runner in scoring position."

Matt nodded, a trifle relieved. "Do you think Lefty is—still sore at me?"

"I don't see why," Coach Tate shrugged casually. "Oh, he seemed upset because I asked him not to use the knuckleball too often. But pitchers are like that. You know how to handle Lefty."

That last thought brought no cheer to Matt, as he warmed up with Lefty Reed. He had always been able to handle his battery mate as long as they were buddies. But now—

The tall, lean pitcher showed no signs of thawing out, as he threw his warmup pitches. Lefty's bony face looked drawn, nervous. All the players were edgy. Matt tried to tell himself, facing their toughest game of the season, the one both teams wanted most to win. But, deep inside, Matt wondered if he had already crippled the team.

"Play ball!" boomed the umpire, at last.

MIDDLEBURG'S leadoff batter was slim, towheaded Whitey Vogt. Matt decided to woo Lefty's confidence by signaling for the knuckleball on the first pitch. Lefty nodded, from the rubber.

The ball floated in, wobbling, teasing. Matt made a clean catch, as Whitey Vogt's bat swished through the air.

"Stub-rick!"

"What kind of a pitch was that?" demanded Whitey Vogt, staring at Matt with puzzled eyes.

Matt grinned, behind his barred mask. "What's the difference, Whitey?" he taunted. "You aren't going to be hitting anything today!"

Vogt struck out on four pitches, and Greendale's followers cheered happily. Lefty Reed had been pointing toward this game for weeks, as Matt Harmon knew only too well. The pitcher's earnest toil soon showed results. One Middleburg

batter after another went up to the plate, and then walked back again with trailing bat.

The knuckleball was putting many of them in the hole on the first pitch. Matt bobbed at least half of the baffling knucklers. But no harm was done, as Coach Tate had pointed out, when the first pitch was dropped or when the bases were empty.

And Whitey Vogt couldn't steal bases on Matt, because the Middleburg track star failed to get on base in his first three batting chances.

Unfortunately, Middleburg's stubby right-handed pitcher was matching Lefty Reed's skill. Neither team could score during the first five-and-one-half innings.

Matt Harmon rolled out twice to rival infielders, to his disgust. He wanted desperately to blast a home run, to help the team and win back Lefty Reed's approval. But the Middleburg pitcher gave him nothing but low pitches across the outside corner. The visitors seemed to know that Matt Harmon was a "pull hitter" who liked to pull the ball into left field.

Then shortstop Lou Becker opened Greendale's half of the sixth inning with a ground single through the box. Becker moved to second base on a sacrifice bunt, and it was Matt Harmon's turn to bat again.

"I wouldn't try to pull the ball against that pitcher," Coach Tate had advised, after Matt's second failure at the plate. "He's throwing everything outside to you. Forget about home runs, Matt. Hit straightaway, or try to poke one into right field."

Matt recalled this advice, digging his cleats into the dirt of the right-handers' batting box. He glanced at the Middleburg fielders, and saw that they all had moved left. Then he blinked.

Whitey Vogt was playing a startlingly shallow centerfield. Vogt was showing little respect for Matt Harmon's reputation as a long-ball hitter.

"I ought to lift one over his head," thought Matt, indignantly. "Who does he think he is?"

But Matt swallowed his pride, reminding himself of Whitey Vogt's speed. The rival fielder might just be able to sprint back and grab a long fly. And there was



Lou Becker, perched on second base, waiting to score.

Matt took two balls and one strike, studying the pitcher's curve. Every ball was still coming across the outside corner. Matt moved his right foot a few inches back in the box, and set himself ready for the next pitch.

It was another curve. Matt met it with the flat part of his bat, and pushed the ball toward right field. It was a looper, without much power, but it caught the right fielder away from his normal position. Greendale fans yelled, as Lou Becker crossed homeplate with the first run, and Matt Harmon pulled up at second with a double.

He was marooned there, as the scowling Middleburg hurler quickly retired the next two batters on a pop-up and a strike-out.

Matt grinned at Lefty Reed, as he jogged in to pick up his catching gear. He thought he had earned at least a verbal pat for batting in the run.

But Lefty's dark eyes regarded him coolly. "You might have had a home run if you'd hit that one straightaway," commented his pitcher. "Their centerfielder was camping in the infield."

Matt gasped. "That centerfielder is a track man! I saw him run—"

"Track?" cut in Lefty, wearily. "Can't you keep your mind on baseball any more—even during a game?"

Matt struggled into his chest protector and leg guards. He didn't feel any better when he saw Whitey Vogt swinging three bats, ready to lead off for Middleburg in the seventh inning. Matt signaled for the knuckleball.

But Whitey Vogt had learned something on his three earlier attempts. He refused to swing, and the knuckler dropped down for a ball. Lefty Reed tried an outside curve, and again missed the plate.

Matt called for another curve. He hated to risk letting Vogt get on base. But Lefty shook off his signals until Matt finally called for the straight, hard one.

The pitch came straight down the alley, and Whitey Vogt was waiting for it. The bat came around and lined the ball into centerfield for a single. Matt's groan was almost audible.

No out—and Whitey Vogt on base!

MATT studied the next hitter, Middleburg's shortstop, a slight but wiry figure. The Rizzuto-type, thought Matt. He signaled for a pitchout, expecting a bunt or an attempted steal.

Lefty shook his head, no, frowning. Matt called for the hard one. Again, Lefty shook him off.

The curve?

No. Once again, Lefty wagged his head.

Fuzzled, Matt asked for time and clumped out to the rubber. "What's the deal?" he asked, trying to grin in the old, easy way. "Don't you want to throw anything?"

Lefty didn't grin. "The knuckler."

"Knuckler!" Matt stared at him, then nodded toward Whitey Vogt, who was whispering with his first-base coach. "You want to throw a knuckler with that

speed merchant on base? He'll be down at second before I peek up the ball!"

"Don't drop the ball," said Lefty, curtly. "This batter wants to hunt. I don't think he can beat my knuckler."

"Maybe not, but—"

"Coach said to use the knuckler on the first pitch, didn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"Up to now, I'm pitching a shutout," said Lefty, grimly. "Any complaints?"

"Okay." Matt lifted his shoulders helplessly. "The knuckler."

He trudged back to his position. He watched Whitey Vogt dancing daintily off first base, trying to draw a throw. Lefty Reed eyed the baserunner with mild contempt, for a long moment, then hurled his knuckleball.

Vogt streaked toward second. The batter faked a bunt, taking a strike. The ball hit the left side of Matt Harmon's leg glove, bounced, hit the right side. Matt batted it into the air, in desperation, and grabbed it with his right hand.

But Whitey Vogt was already starting his slide. Matt didn't attempt the throw. He walked a few steps toward the rubber, tossed the ball to his battery mate. Lefty made his catch carelessly, trying to look undisturbed.

"It could still be a bunt," warned Matt.

Lefty nodded, and walked around the rubber, hitching at his belt, tugging his cap. No outs. The tying run on second base. Matt didn't know whose fault it was, but it was a bad break.

And it would get worse, if Lefty Reed blew up.

Matt signaled for the curve, high and outside. Lefty nodded. His left arm went back, whipped forward. The hitter turned, facing the mound, his right hand moving up his bat for a bunt. The pitch was outside, but not high enough.

The hunt was good, dribbling in front of the plate, toward third.

Matt Harmon picked off his mask, flung it in back of him. He pounced on the ball. He faced third base, hoping to rub out the danger of that tying run. His third baseman was there for the throw.

But the runner was already rearing into the bag, as Matt cocked his right hand. The runner had started with the pitch.





There was only one thing to do—make the conventional throw to first base to get the man who had bunted. Matt pivoted on his right foot. He wouldn't have much time. The batter was moving.

"First base!" Lefty screamed.

But Matt Harmon's solid figure seemed to freeze. He stood there, throwing arm poised, as if in a state of confused shock. Then he suddenly whirled toward third.

The crowd roared. All eyes had turned toward first base. Now, following the catcher, the onlookers saw that Middleburg had attempted one of the craftiest plays in baseball. The runner hadn't stopped at third base. Rounding the bag at top speed, he was almost halfway down the baseline.

The ball couldn't possibly have traveled to first base and back to home in time to prevent a run.

Now the catcher was blocking the baseline, still holding the ball. The runner braked, scrambled back toward third. But the catcher's throw thudded into the third baseman's glove, and the runner was trapped.

He reversed his direction again. But now the catcher had the ball again.

Matt Harmon made his tag, looked up. The batter, seeing his teammate caught in a rundown, was trying for second base. Matt whipped a strike to the base. Lou Becker was there, waiting, and slapped the ball on the second runner for the double play.

There was no score, no more runners, and there were two outs.

The Greendale fans were still yelling as their pitcher walked in from the rubber. Lefty Reed picked up the catcher's mask, dusted it, and handed it to Matt with a dazed look of mute tribute.

"I didn't see that runner trying to score. How did you ever guess—" He broke off, as Matt's mouth curved in a big grin. "No, don't tell me. You went to a track meet!"

"I remembered he was a speed merchant," said Matt.

Lefty slapped Matt's shoulder with his gloved hand. Then he grinned. The old grin.

"I'll make it up to you," he promised. "I'll shut out these guys the rest of the way—and without throwing a knuckler."

And he did.

THE END

HOW TO CLEAN AND COOK PAN FISH

By THOMAS JONES

BEFORE you cook a fish, you've got to clean it. Probably the easiest to clean is a pan fish. Start by scaling it. Hold the tail in one hand and scrape off the scales with a blunt knife or the back edge of a hunting knife, so you won't cut the flesh. Scrape from the tail toward the head. Slice the head part way, and pull it off with the entrails. Cut off toes; slit belly; and scrape it clean. Fish keep longer, if you clean them when they're freshly caught.



Cut top of head just behind gills, but don't cut through the backbone.



Pull head off slowly. The entrails and pelvic fins come off with it.



With sharp knife, cut off dorsal fin, front to back and remaining fins.



With belly open, scrape inside clean. Wash fish with fresh, cold water.

SO YOU'VE got your pan fish properly cleaned. Now here's a tasty way to cook it.

The trick is in the way you keep the meat from drying out and falling apart. To do this, keep your fire low and slow—just hot enough to simmer the fish to a golden brown. Fry each side ten minutes. Use cooking oil if you want to, but smoky bacon's best.

Some time ago, I got a side of bacon from down Georgia way that gave the fish the right flavor. Even the rind came in handy for greasing the skillet. When it finally wore out, I was tempted to go back to Georgia to get some more.

There are many different kinds of pan fish: pumpkin seeds, kivera, bluegilla, sun fish, or perch. Don't get them confused with game fish such as bass or trout.

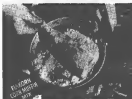
A pan fish is called that because, even when fully grown, it's still small enough to fit into an average size frying pan. Game fish are good eating, but there's something about the flavor of pan fish that sets them apart.



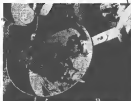
Make small cuts through the back of the fish to stop it from curling.



After rinsing and drying of fish, sprinkle with salt inside and out.



Cover with corn meal, flour, or blackst mix paste, then dry meal.



Wrap fish in bacon; place in greased pan. Fry 10 minutes each side.

SHORT WAVE CONVERTER

By GEORGE H. ANGLADO

IF YOU are interested in short-wave listening but cannot afford a commercial short-wave receiver, try this short-wave converter. Built for less than a dollar, the unit uses no power or tubes and turns your regular radio into a short-wave receiver. It can be mounted on the back of a table model broadcast set.

Drill small holes in each end of two pieces of $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter plastic or cardboard tubing about one-inch long. Wind 25 turns (closely wound) of number 26 enamel wire on each form. Thread the ends of the wire through the holes and cement down the ends. **DO NOT COVER THE WHOLE COIL WITH CEMENT.** This would cut down the sensitivity of the coils.

Now you have an oscillator coil and an antenna coil. Wind ten turns of cotton-covered insulated wire right over the antenna coil, in the same direction as the wire already on it, and over its entire length. This insulated wire can be number 30 and up. Do not use enamel wire for this.

This last coil is called the coupling coil and is connected to the antenna. The antenna can be a piece of wire strung across the room, but it is better to use a long wire outdoors. If you use a room wire it should be from ten to twenty feet long.

You will need a double-pole, double-throw rotary type switch that will permit the coils to be switched in or out of your set. The diagram in Figure 1 shows how the coils and switch are connected.

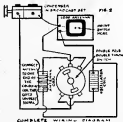
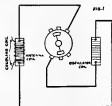
After you have wired up the coils and switch, remove your broadcast radio from its case and place it on your work table. There are only three connections to be made to this set and all three are on top of the chassis. Take a look at the tuning condensers and you will see that one section has a smaller set of plates than the other. This smaller section is called the oscillator section while the larger one is known as the antenna section.

The antenna section will have a wire running from it to a terminal on the loop

antenna coil. The other terminal on the loop antenna will be connected by a wire, on the inside of the chassis, to the automatic volume control circuit.

This is where you make your three connections from the converter: one to the oscillator section gang and the other two connections to the two terminals on the loop antenna. However, before making the connections, drill a hole in the back plate that holds the loop and mount a switch in it.

Now wire up the unit as shown in the diagram marked Figure 2. When you throw the switch to the right-hand position it disconnects the coils and enables you to use the set for standard broadcast reception. When the switch is thrown into the left-hand position, the coils on the converter are connected in parallel with the one already in the set, enabling short-wave signals to ride in.



BUILD FOR YOUR BIKE

By FRANK GILES

ARE you bushed after a bike ride of more than a few blocks? Do you puff when you pump up a long hill? To get the most fun out of your bike—which means long hiking trips as well as pedaling to school—you need good leg muscles, along with balance and agility.

To help you build for more bike enjoyment, here are three stunts, shown by Explorer Jerry Poore. The jump—an airborne Indian squat—develops balance and agility in addition to leg power. Since the knee-bend is straddle-legged, it gets at a different set of leg muscles than a regular knee-bend. And the toe touch gives your legs more stretch.



STRADDLE KNEE-BEND. Squat with heels together. Do deep knee-bend.

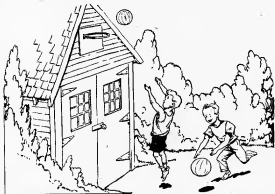


INDIAN SQUAT JUMP. From knee-bend, leap into air, crossing legs and grasping feet with your fingers.



CROSS-HANDED TOE TOUCH. Touch hands to opposite feet at same time. Bring feet farther apart at each try.

BACKYARD ATHLETICS



By STANLEY FISHKO

IN A BACKYARD, whether it's yours or another guy's, you have a fun laboratory. Maybe you have practiced camp-craft wrinkles there, tried out new games and tricks, built a shack, tested science or handicraft ideas, or practiced baseball or basketball fundamentals.

But in addition to such things, you can also develop a real sports center. In one corner of the yard, you can set up chin-up bars, weightlifting equipment, wrestling mat, chest pulleys, and other muscle-making paraphernalia. It isn't hard to make any of these gadgets by yourself.

A heavy punching bag may be made by filling a flour sack as full of sawdust as you can and suspending the sack from a tree limb or other overhead support. If you own a regular light punching bag, you can build your own platform from which to suspend it.

Some great stars in American sports have developed their fundamental skills right in their own backyards. Paul

Waner, who got more than three thousand hits during his major league baseball career and led the National League in hitting for many years, got his batting eye by hitting out corn-cobs with a broomstick. Pee-wee Reese, veteran shortstop of the Brooklyn Dodgers, once said he learned the elements of his defensive skill by throwing a rubber ball against the side of his garage, thus getting invaluable practice on ground balls.

You can practice pitching for control, improve your fielding, or get batting skill by having a friend pitch a softly wound rag ball for you to swing at. Your hits will not go very far, but you will learn to meet the ball squarely.

A basketball hoop, fastened to a back-board, will help you perfect yourself as foul shooting, set shooting, and shooting on the run. A good shooter can always find a place on a team. Some of the fundamental skills of football and track may also be learned right in your own backyard.

In addition to these major sports, there are many exciting minor sports which

you can actually play in your backyard. Four of the easiest to adapt for backyard use are horseshoe pitching, table tennis, paddle tennis, and badminton.

Horseshoe Pitching

The fine art of horseshoe pitching was popular in your dad's day and still has a strong appeal. It has a definite advantage as a backyard sport. The stakes are only forty feet apart. And the rules are simple.

Players toss two shoes each in turn. The shoe falling nearest the stake gets a point if no shoe "rings" the stake. A horseshoe which leans against the stake (leaner) counts for only one point, unless it is canceled by an opponent's leaning shoe. Ringers count three points and cancel each other, that is, if only one player throws ringers, he adds three points to his score for each ringer; but if each player tosses a ringer, neither one counts. The official games are fifty points, but you can cut them down to twenty-one in order to get in more games and give everyone a chance to play.

The whole trick in successful horseshoe pitching is to grip the shoe with the open side facing away from a line drawn

between the two stakes, and to make your throw so that the shoe turns one and three-quarter times in midair so that the open side of the shoe winds up facing the stake when it reaches the end of its flight. This is the method used by most of the champions, who score fifty ringers out of fifty tries more often than not.

Regulation shoes cost about three dollars a pair and will last forever; but maybe you can find discarded horseshoes at a farmer's or blacksmith's and use them instead. There are also very lightweight aluminum shoes available in standard size, which cost no more than the heavier professional shoes.

Backyard Golf

A variation of horseshoe pitching that has been tried by many "backyarders" with highly satisfying results is backyard golf. Place nine pegs in various parts of the yard or a vacant lot, numbering each peg as you place it. The object of the game is similar to that of golf. See how many tosses you have to make to ring all nine pegs, beginning from peg nine and shooting for peg one until you ring it, then throwing at peg two from peg one until you have scored a ringer



on peg two. Continue all around the course until you have scored a ringer on each peg. Total up all your tosses to get your score. Low score wins.

The course will be more interesting, and harder, if you add a few hazards. For example, put one of the pegs behind a box to hide it; another peg may be put near a tree trunk; a third may involve a very long throw; a fourth set on a stump; and so on.

Table Tennis

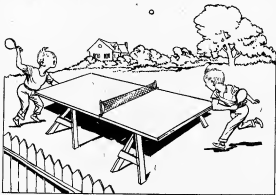
A table for table tennis can be built in a workshop if you have access to one. Since the official size is 5 x 9 feet, you can use two pieces of plywood, measuring 5 x 4½ feet each for the two halves of a folding table. Get wood which has a perfectly smooth surface. Pine or other boards can be glued behind each table section to give it a firmer construction. Paint your table to keep the wood from warping. You may attach folding legs or use wooden saw horses to support the table. Keep it under shelter in rainy weather or at night, if possible.

With just a little practice you can play the game well enough to get a good workout. Beginners and inexpert players

sometimes stand right up against the table to take every shot on the half-volley, or rising bounce. They develop a steady game, but cannot compete against good hitters. To play right you must learn to hit your shot from away back, as well as to keep the ball in play with defensive shots like the half-volley.

Grip the racket pretty much as you would shake hands with it, and use the same grip for forehand and backhand shots. There are variations of this basic grip, such as keeping your thumb straight against the paddle, in line with the handle. It is all right to use one of these minor variations, provided it is not too much removed from the basic hand-shake type of grip. Don't try tricky grips—like holding the paddle instead of the handle—and don't hit everything with only one surface of the racket. You will limit your maneuverability.

Under the rules, the service must be made with the ball held flat in the palm of your open hand. The ball must be tossed up from the palm and batted against your side of the table so that it bounces into the opponent's side. This palm-service eliminates the tricky finger spins which many players used to employ.





There are two basic shots: the drive and the chop, each performed with forehand or backhand. The drive is hit with an upward swipe of your paddle, which gives the ball top spin in its flight. Thus, no matter how hard it is hit, the ball will have a tendency to dip sharply and will usually hit the other side of the table. A ball hit without this top spin would go too far. Begin your swing from way back. If you remember to turn the surface of your paddle slightly so that the top edge dips forward, it will add to the top spin.

The chop is a fine defensive stroke for making returns on hard-driven shots, but it also has offensive value. Its terrific back spin makes it extremely difficult to return. The back spin will take effect on the rubber face of your opponent's paddle and cause the ball to leave it in a lower arc than he intended. Generally, the return on a good back spin will fall into the net. A chop is hit with the paddle tilted at an angle of about 45 degrees, with the lower edge of the paddle ahead of the top edge. Hit it with a sharp downward snap of the wrist, pretty much as though you were shaking some ink off your pen.

Keep your eye on the ball at all times and learn to place your shots. Don't just hit them right back to your opponent. Try out his backhand and forehand. Even good players often have a weaker backhand, or if their backhand is strong, they will miff a shot placed there after three or four balls have been hit in succession to their forehand. Keep the ball's flight low so that your opponent doesn't get any high bounces to kill. Practice smashing high-bouncing balls until you never miss such a setup.

Fun With Paddle Tennis

Another fast growing sport is paddle tennis. It has been described as tennis on a small scale, or as ping-pong on a large scale. Many of our major cities have annual paddle tennis tournaments, and some of our great tennis stars—including Sidney Wood, Frank Shields, and Bobby Riggs—play it or belong to the board of directors of the United States Paddle Tennis Association.

A junior singles court is 39 feet long by 18½ feet wide; while the doubles court is 18 feet wide. The service boxes are in the singles court area near the net.

and each box is $6\frac{3}{4}$ feet wide by $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. The net posts are $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and are set $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the side lines. The height of the net in the center should be 26 inches.

Paddles are made of three layers of plywood. The hitting surfaces are either roughened with cross lines or perforated with holes at regular intervals. They may be purchased at any sporting goods stores, or made in your workshop.

You can make a paddle by cutting a board into the shape of a small tennis racket, with the face about 10×8 inches and the handle about 6 inches long. The official ball is made of light sponge rubber, but an old tennis ball which had lost some of its liveliness will give satisfactory results.

The rules are pretty much the same as those in regulation tennis. You are allowed two services in junior paddle tennis. The server hits the ball into the receiver's right court from the left half of the server's base line. If both serves are missed, the receiver scores a point. Points are also awarded to the player who successfully hits a ball past his opponent, so that it bounces on the ground inside the confines of the opponent's playing area. A player loses a point if the ball which he hits goes outside of the

opponent's court, if he touches the net, or if his paddle hits the ball on the other side of the net. You also lose the point if the ball hits you.

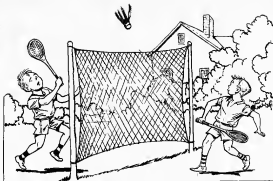
In general, if you know how to play and score tennis, you will know how to play paddle tennis. The strokes are very much alike from backhand, forehand, or overhead. Keep your eye on the ball and follow through with your swing. It is a fast game, demanding quick reflexes just as badminton and table tennis do. Most successful players have found that it is best to try to get to a volleying position at the net. Control of the net usually means a victory in paddle tennis.

Badminton for a Change

Badminton is a net-and-racket game, but its rules and equipment differ from those of tennis in important respects. The game is quite simple, for the main idea is to hit the shuttlecock, or "bird," over the net into your opponent's court and to keep hitting back his returns before they can touch ground on your side. You will have fun right from the start because it is easy for a beginner to make satisfactory shots in badminton.

The regulation court is 44×20 feet for doubles and 44×17 feet for singles.





The badminton racket is similar to the tennis racket, except that it has a longer, thinner handle, a smaller head, and is much lighter. The shuttlecock, which you bat back and forth across the net, has a cork tip from which feathers arch back like a floral spray. The bird is quite perishable and rather expensive, so you should handle it carefully. Many players soak the feathers in a glass of water before using the bird, to make them less brittle.

The net is five feet high in the center and an inch higher at the sides. In badminton you can score only on your own service, so if you win the line, always elect to start serving. The rules require that the service be made with an underhand stroke in which the racket head must be held lower than your wrist.

Hold the bird by the feather with your left hand so that the cork tip is facing away from the net. Hit it with a sharp rap of the racket, striking the bird from a position below your waist. The service must go into your opponent's service box just as in tennis, but you serve from inside your own service box instead of from behind the base line.

The badminton stroke differs from other net game strokes in that it calls for much greater wrist action and

power. Many of the exchanges are so rapid that it is impossible to employ full arm backswing. The best stroke is developed by cocking your wrist and snapping it much, as you would a flyswatter.

Once the bird is put into play, you may use any of four types of strokes. The backhand and forehand are hit pretty much as the tennis flat drive is hit. The overhead smash is hit like a tennis serve to "kill" the bird by hitting it so hard that the opponent cannot retrieve it. The drop shot is started like a smash; then, at the last moment, the wrist is relaxed and the bird is tapped gently just over the net.

That'll give you a breather.

Some of the more important rules to remember are: (1) Only one service is allowed. If the serve is out, the opponent takes over service until he misses or fails to score a point. (2) Service is always from your right hand court to opponent's opposite court when your score is at zero or an even number. It is always from your left court to your opponent's opposite court when your score is an odd number. (3) Fifteen points is game. (4) A bird that drops on a line is considered inside court. (5) You may not touch the net or reach over it with your racket.

THE END

TAKE CARE OF YOUR OUTBOARD

By GREEN A. WAGNER

YOUR outboard motor is like a fine automobile or aircraft engine. It's precision made for many hours of continuous troublefree operation. But like an automobile or aircraft engine, it needs proper care and occasional checkups to see that it's operating in tip-top order.

So don't wait until the day you get ready to use your motor before you start thinking about it. Begin working on it now. You can do most of the maintenance work yourself. One operation, that of adjusting or replacing the breaker points, requires that the flywheel be removed. This probably will require a wheel puller to loosen the flywheel. Better let an experienced outboard shop do this job.

Boating and fishing are lots more fun when you have an outboard motor to get you there and back easily and effortlessly. A little care will keep your motor purring.



Check the spark plugs for cracked porcelain, for dirty or corroded points, and check the gap between the electrodes. Wipe any grease or any oil off these spark plug wires.



Remove the propeller shaft out and the propeller if necessary, and see that the clutch spring or shear pin is in good condition. Grease the shaft before you replace the nut.



Flush and clean the gas tank at least once a season. Remove and clean out the gas line filter or strainer, sediment bowl, and the gas line itself. The fuel tank may not have to be removed to do this job but it's easier to clean if dismantled.



Check to see that all screws and bolts are tight but don't overtighten them. And see that all locking devices are secure. Go over the motor to a systematic order so you don't skip anything. Be sure the wrench you use fits the nut properly.



Keep the lower gear housing full with special outboard gear lubricant—not ordinary grease. Remove filler plug and vent screw for this job, and tighten firmly afterward.



After using motor, wipe it off with a clean, dry cloth. Flush cooling system with fresh water if outboard has been in salt water. Since motor is a vertical position.



An outboard motor carrier will save lots of wear and tear on the motor and yourself when it comes time for transporting the motor to and from the boat. This carrier is home made. It's also a storage stand.



Safety first. You can't afford to lose that motor outboard. And a five-foot length of chain with snap hooks on each end will give you good insurance. Bolt a small plate on your boat's motor bracket.

JETS OF THE SEA

By G. R. HARVEY

WHEN the jet airplane made its first flight, it was something new in the sky. In the seas, jet power has been used for untold ages by the squid, octopus, and their kind.

Sea "jets" shoot backward at great speed, trailing their heads and sucker-clad tentacles, or "arms," straight out behind. Their "fuel" is water which is sucked into two chambers inside the body, then pumped out in repeated spurts through a rubbery nozzle at the neck. They can steer themselves by twisting the nozzle tip.

The streamlined squid has stabilizing tail fins and can outswim and outmaneuver any animal its own size in the ocean. It can take off above the surface of the water. Vessels sailing tropical seas have reported being "bombaraded" at night by flying squids whose jets make a curious popping sound in the air.

"Fleets" of submarine jets attack schools of small fish upon which they feed. Instantly, they can stop their backward flight and dart forward or sideways without changing the direction of their bodies, while their arms whip out and gather in the fleeing prey.

Squids and their relatives, whose scientific name means "head-footed," do not depend entirely upon their jets. They swim well by paddling with arms or fins. And they walk on their heads with their mouths to the ground in a peculiar manner used by no other animal. They also tiptoe. A tiny "dancing" octopus twirls and balances among coral reefs on long slender tentacle tips.

Along rock-strewn shores, you may occasionally see one of the head-walking animals stranded by the tide or out on a night foraging raid. But look out for the jet nozzle. A sailor was strolling along the seashore one evening when he came upon a curious humped shape with big, goggle eyes. The creature stared at him for a moment, then suddenly squirted a stream of "ink" over his white uniform.

Probably this thick, blackish fluid which is shot from an "ink bag" formed the world's first "smokescreen." The

inky liquid hides the animal's escape and floats in a mass, which also acts as a decoy. The ink paralyzes the scent organs of some pursuers for more than an hour.

The sea jets are masters of another strategy of modern warfare—camouflage. But they do not always use the trick for concealment. No other animal can make such rapid, vivid, and complete color changes. By opening or closing thousands of pigment cells in the skin, they can take on the colors, and sometimes the texture, of such patterns as mottled rock, seaweed, pebbly sand, glossy stripes, polka dots, or become almost transparent.

Many squids living in the darkness of sea depths actually glow with colors and their ink is luminous. Some have "bullseye searchlights" complete with lamps, lenses, and reflectors. Certain forms have a light shifting from inside the body or on the eyeballs. Others have orange, red, blue, or green lamps dotting their bodies or outlining their heads, eyes, or arms. Sometimes different colors flash on the same animal. Scientists have marveled at these colored deep sea lights. Are they used to signal friends, to identify enemies, to search for food, or to lure prey within range of powerful tentacles?

Hundreds of horny rimmed suction discs, sometimes reinforced with teeth or thornlike hooks, equip the squid's eight short arms and the club-shaped ends of its two very long ones. All but the largest sea animals are helpless in the grip of these strange weapons.

Squid and octopus are found in every sea. They range in size from a midge no larger than a grape to the fabulous giant squid.



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| 221. The Prince | 244. The Prince | 257. The Prince | 333. The Prince |
| 222. The Prince | | | |